

The Time Is Now

THE United States is now called to the greatest missionary opportunity ever presented to any nation. Furthermore, we are called at this moment of destiny to demonstrate Christianity in a way unique in all the history of mankind. Our missionary task is to heal the sick, comfort the sorrowing, feed the hungry and rehabilitate the fallen and the down trodden. It is this and more. A materialistic Utopia is not enough. Communism promises this. Christian democracy must have something more. And it does! Its emphasis on the individual worth of man as the child of God and its belief in the capacity of man to achieve this sonship, gives to its adherents the incentive for life and the desire for a quality of living that will make the struggle for existence something more than the expression of the instinct for survival.

This call to us is a world-wide summons on a scale that staggers the imagination. Yet if we shoulder this responsibility we may make a witness that will resurrect Christ and re-establish Christianity as a realistic actual working force in the world. Is this not the opportunity of a generation of centuries?

Before this war we had not spent in missionary work in Japan what it cost to build a modern battleship. To bomb Berlin—one city—we shall have spent more than one major religious denomination has spent in all its combined missionary activity. Yet to guarantee any future world security, to bring about the peace we all want, and to lay a foundation for a Christian world order, how much more worth while would it be to mortgage all our future financially, to spend an equivalent amount or more on construction that we have spent on destruction—and show to the world that our killing and our bombing of cities was only a prelude to the witness of Christian love which we now want to show. This will be the only penance that will be worth showing.

Christians should take the lead in a new world witness. Our present destruction will only return evil, hatred and revenge. Our demonstration of Christian charity—our sharing, realistically, without thought of return or of compensation—will be the only certain way that we can guarantee to our children that our intentions in this war were honest, and that we believed sincerely that the abundant life was a possibility if we wanted to sacrifice to see it established.

This will mean release for the captives in this country as well as in other parts of the world. Think what a Christian witness of love could mean in India. Imagine, if you can, what a real birth of freedom could mean to the people of the islands of the Pacific. Let us try to understand what an honest practice of Christian principles on our part could mean to the dispossessed in America.

This is a moment for real evaluation of aims—for the rebirth of the missionary spirit and for the rebuilding on new foundations. An understanding of the job before us as Christians, considered on a global basis, could initiate a change that would shake humanity to its roots. It would be the only real antidote for atheistic communism, the only real method for the eradication of ignorant superstition, the only possible way in which Christians of the world could again say that they actually believed in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God—and make both of those phrases have meaning.

Christian youth in this generation has this chance—it is the chance of twenty centuries. It is the chance for a future. If we fail, then let us prepare for war on an even greater scale, let us plan to destroy the world, and let paganism reign supreme as it does now.

The Kind of a World I Want

Students In and Out of Service Chart a Course

A Symposium



Howard C. Wilkinson is Associate Minister of the First Methodist Church of Charlotte, North Carolina. He came to this position from Duke University Divinity School where he had been the editor of *Christian Horizons*.

The kind of world I want is one in which every man, woman and child can have an open road for the exercise of all the ability and talent with which he is endowed. The problem we shall all face is how to keep the influences from narrowing the road and closing the avenues whereby earnest people may develop their own powers and use them for the highest purpose.

—DeWitt S. Morgan, Superintendent, Indianapolis Public Schools

The World We Ought to Have

Howard C. Wilkinson

THE kind of world I want is not the world I "want," but the world I *ought to have*. There is a conflict between the kind of world my selfish "wants" and appetites would build, and the world I know deep down in my heart we must have. The nations are in their present plight precisely because too many people have made the kind of world they "want," rather than the world they ought to have.

My selfish "wants" would maintain a merciless world in which Oriental coolies would satisfy my Occidental cravings, and Negro servants would do my bidding for paltry pay. Sharecroppers would sweat out their underpaid toil, in order that groceries could come to my table cheaply. In this world of my "wants," I would be a proud citizen of a powerful country which ruled the world by force and preserved a *Pax Americana*.

This is the world of my selfish "wants." But I do not want the world of my "wants." Indeed, I abhor it! For it is too much like the world I live in right now. It is the desolate world of death and destruction. It is the soil in which the seeds of dictatorship grow. God save me from the world of my "wants!"

God help me to build the world I ought to have!—in which freedom means bread for the hungry, jobs for the unemployed, education for all youth, and life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—for everyone, regardless of his race, color, creed or nation! This is the world I *really* want. For even though I would have to give up selfish "wants," and would have to sweat and sacrifice to build this world, I yearn for a new world of true democracy, because that is the only kind of world in which there can be peace on earth and good will among men.

Dream into Reality

Jeanne Ackley



Jeanne Ackley is at the University of Ohio. A new member of the Student Editorial Board, she spent the summer with the Lisle Fellowship in Colorado.

AND a Voice came unto me, saying, "Declare now your faith in the world you are building. Put aside your tools for an instant; show us the structure, and tell us what you believe about tomorrow."

Then suddenly the whiteness dazzled me and I saw the naked imperfections of my work. Yet beyond these I saw the world—radiant, alive and changing. And I lifted my head and answered.

"This, then, is my faith for the world I want. It shall be a community of mankind, and all nations shall bring their gifts as well as their failures to its councils. And no people shall say which contributes most, nor shall any dispose of another's genius and use it as his own. And its people shall

be the poetry of every nation, free as there is freedom in singing when the great laws of music govern its harmonies; beautiful as light where all colors are blended into radiance!

"Each man shall find his own faith that it may be strong, nor shall he who has faith impose it on another, but only share that both may grow.

"And the world shall need creative love more than all else—be it expressed in momentary conformity which seeks the slow growing of seeds dropped into darkness, or in rebellion which flings itself whole-souled against injustice. In the economy of brotherhood both are needed, and God in history alone shall judge.

"And the world I want shall not be finished nor complete, for always there will be struggle and a striving after perfection. But we shall thank God for this divine discontent which sends us from the valleys into the mountains, and from the mountains again to the cities where men labor and suffer and seek together! *For the only hell shall be isolation from those who are our brothers, and from the heart of the universe, which is God!*"

Then the Voice whispered, "It is a dream, but it is good. Go and work, and believe it into being, and it shall be yours."

A World of the Common Needs

Pvt. Ben White

RECENTLY I read an article by a war correspondent who was in Africa during the Tunesian campaign. He had been talking to a number of soldiers, both British and American, and he was disturbed to find that the American soldier's only concern seemed to be to get the war over with as soon as possible, to get out of the army and to get back home. This man felt that such an attitude showed that our soldiers had thought very little about the kind of world they wanted to live in after the war; that our soldiers didn't know what they were fighting for.

I have been in the Army about a year, and after listening to a year of soldier talk, I think I can say that the attitude found by this correspondent is rather prevalent. I do not think, however, that it indicates a lack of concern for the world he is fighting to create. On the contrary, it is a postwar plan which has much to recommend it. If this writer had questioned more fully the men he talked to; if he had asked them, "What are you going to do when the duration and six months is up?", he would have received answers which would have given him a revealing picture of the peace that is to come.

One of my most interesting assignments in the Army so far has been the interviewing of cadets at an Army Air Force classification center. In the course of four weeks I talked with boys from all parts of the country: boys from school and college, boys from farms, boys from machine shops and factories. They were of the 1930 generation. Not a few of them had had to leave school to take a job to keep bread on the family table. The education many of them had managed to get had been obtained with great difficulty. Within the last few years many of them had gotten their first good job. The married men had for the first time been able to settle down to make a payment on a house, to begin to think about a family. And now they were in the army, their plans again indefinitely postponed.

No, the views of these men on the postwar world were very concrete, specific and real. They were plans for a job, for finishing school, for marriage: things for which they had been working, and working hard, long before the war. The war was just something to be finished before they could get back to them—and the sooner the better. They accepted the restrictions and the authoritarianism inherent in army life, making a mental note, however, that freedom is something real, precious, something to enjoy after the duration and six.

November, 1943

With all our literacy, with all our college graduates, shall we be able to see the fundamental causes that make for wars? Shall we be able to understand that only as the United States takes leadership in some kind of a world association, union, alliance or treaty-making organization to promote economic justice on a world scale, will we be able to reduce the likelihood of war? I repeat, will Emporia see it? Will the Middle West see it? For Emporia is just another name for the Middle West. Will isolationist Congressmen be able to defeat such a Confederacy of the world nations of good will? I wish I knew. In any case, we must make the chief objective of the war an educational one, second only to victory.

—William Allen White in the *New Republic*



Pvt. Ben White came to the army by way of Swarthmore College where he wrote a feature column in the paper. He was in the Psychological Research Unit of the Nashville Air Center before going into the Army Specialized Training Program at the University of Pittsburgh.

A day will come when the only battlefield will be the market open to Commerce, and the mind opening to new ideas. A day will come when bullets and bombshells will be replaced by votes, by the universal suffrage of nations, by arbitration of a sovereign senate, which will be to Europe what the Parliament is to England. . . . A day will come when a cannon ball will be exhibited in public museums, just as an instrument of torture is now, and the people will be astonished how such a thing could have been. A day will come when these two immense groups, the United States of America and the United States of Europe shall be seen extending the hand of fellowship across the ocean, exchanging their products, their industry, their arts, their genius clearing the earth, peopling the desert, improving creation under the eye of the Creator and the uniting for the good of all these two irresistible and infinite powers, the fraternity of men and the power of God.

—From a speech by Victor Hugo at the Peace Conference of 1849

The kind of world that I want is a world that will be free from the rule of a dictator, of slavery, the personal whim of a political overlord, or a condition that breeds war, hate, misery, and discontent.

I want a world where I can live quietly and harmoniously with my neighbors, where I can watch Nature expand, to see the elusive colors of early dawn, the gentle moods of evening, the magic charm of atmospheric change, the poetic stillness of my little valley, where I can study the romance of bird life and the mystery of plant growth. I want a world of pastoral peace as well as political peace where I can find God in the flowers and trees in the solitude of my own acres, and where my faith can look above and beyond little human weaknesses, and where I can feel a sense of safety, security, and serenity that creates hope, happiness, and beauty.

—Frederick Polley,
artist and writer



James Allen Knight is a student at the Duke University Divinity School. This year he is editor of the Duke Student publication, Christian Horizons. He is also a member of our student editorial board.

One thing is certain, the people of this country are fighting this war for a better world in which to live. They would like to get it through democracy, liberty and free enterprise, but they are determined to have this better world with greater security, one way or another. And if they don't get it through present principles, they will look elsewhere. The handwriting is on the wall. . . . We can point to past accomplishments of free enterprise until hell freezes over, but people are concerned about the future and not about the past. This country cannot return to the good old days after this war, because those days just weren't good enough.

—Walter D. Fuller, chairman of the board of the National Association of Manufacturers

It is in terms of these soldier hopes, summed up in "get this war over with and get back home," that the pattern of peace will have to be written. These and the dreams of all the people on earth who will be "going back" after the last bomb has dropped. These dreams will be the impetus behind any peace that is written and the goals toward which it will be aimed.

Such a focus upon the crying common needs of the individual will create a peace of permanence. Versailles failed because it ignored these needs and regarded World War I as a nationalistic feud which only restrictions and boundary jugglings could prevent. We seem to be more on the right track now when we think in terms of feeding postwar Europe and Asia and getting them back on their economic feet, rather than fencing them off so they will give us no more trouble.

The men I talked to were very sure of the kind of world they wanted to come back to, and in their plans was implicit everything that is expressed by the four freedoms. Perhaps the correspondent was disturbed because the soldiers with whom he spoke had no clear notion of the means by which their goals would be achieved. This doesn't seem to me to be a matter for concern. If the goals are clear, the means toward them will be determined by the situation which exists when the armistice is signed, and few men would have the temerity to say they knew exactly what this would be. And it is well that these goals are already clear, lest we again lose sight of them when the time comes to sit down to work out the details. In the soldier's desire to come back to a job, home and family we have a plan for peace that would be hard to beat.

The Picture of a Perfect World

James Allen Knight

I WANT the kind of a world in which the following way of life exists: recognition of the universal sovereignty and Fatherhood of God; the unity of mankind in nature, sinfulness, and redeemability; worldwide nature of the Christian community; obligation of the individual Christian for his neighbor as an answering love evoked by God's love for man.

An adequate world government which controls the phases of life which affect the safety, security, and welfare of all. Politically, this organization limits the sovereignty and functions of national states and is equipped with agencies for consultation and cooperation. Economically, it regulates trade, investment, currencies, access to natural resources, and movements of population for the well-being of all. There exists no empire of nations over other nations. All peoples are citizens of free and independent nations in this interdependent world. The use of force has been abandoned.

Every individual in every nation has freedom of thought, speech, expression, worship, conscience, association, petition, movement about the earth, trial by law; freedom from want and fear, freedom to work as he chooses, rear children as he chooses, and own property. No nation has authority to abrogate these freedoms, and the protection of them is the chief concern of the world government.

There is no discrimination on the basis of race, religion, class, or nationality. There are equal opportunities of education for everybody. All power and resources are consecrated to common ends. All peoples seek, with patience and tolerance, to understand one another and to cooperate. Extreme inequalities of wealth are abolished. The earth is the Lord's and His gifts are regarded as gifts to the whole human race to be used for present and future needs. All realize that human rights are far more fundamental than political systems. There is equality of opportunity in every avenue of life for every individual, every race, and every nation.

For These Things--I Fly

Lt. Ross Clinchy

TO those who would tend to think that our generation is not doing its share of thinking about their world, I would point with pride to a recent series of articles in the *Saturday Evening Post* written by service men on the subject, "What I Am Fighting For." Their words are beautiful with strength and purpose. Their principles are simple and straightforward; they talk of freedom, equality, opportunity, understanding, and brotherhood. They are rich with the ideology of democracy and Christianity.

Those men will be fighting with an unshakeable purpose, and they are a living proof that many of our generation will demand great things of the postwar years. I know that their thoughts gave me strength and their dreams gave me a new hope for the future.

I have been trained for a deadly precise job. I shall be doing that job to the best of my ability over the cities of my enemies in the future, and as I drop my bombs, I know that those principles will give me the steady hands and cool mind I shall need.

I shall drop those bombs in the faith that America will destroy the petty prejudices within her. I shall not kill for those who use this war for an escape of their own narrow-mindedness. I shall not kill for race-riots, for inequality of opportunity, for talk of race sterilization. If this is what I find upon return, I shall find bitterness too.

I will drop my bombs in the hope of a firm but just peace—above all, an intelligent peace. I want no repetition of the last war's mistakes. The blood on all our hands must be washed away by a new international law and order.

I will do my work with the strength that comes from knowing that I am forever crushing oppression and tyranny, hatred and persecution from the face of the earth. And I shall do the job with the prayer that we shall find a rebirth of Christian principles such as the world has never seen.

There is no fear like that of the disillusionment of our hopes and dreams. I know boys who have already died who believed in these principles and I shall never forget them. I and those who fly with me must not fail them.



Lt. Ross Clinchy left Yale Divinity to join the Army Air Force. He is now stationed at Kirtland Field, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Freedom from Want—President Roosevelt enunciated four freedoms, of speech, of religion, from fear and from want—must be the essence of the new declaration of freedom. [It must mean] 1. Freedom from worry about a job. 2. Freedom from worry about a dependent and poverty-pinched old age. 3. Freedom from unnecessary worry about sickness and hunger. 4. Freedom from strife between workers and businessmen, between farmers and businessmen, and between workers and farmers. 5. Freedom from strife between the races and creeds. 6. Freedom from fear of bankruptcy caused by overproduction of necessary materials. 7. Freedom for venture capital and for inventors of new ideas to expand production of needed goods without fear of repressive cartels, excessive taxation or excessive government regulation.

—Vice President Wallace
in a speech at Chicago,
September 11, 1943

A Place for the Things We Love

Douglas Coy

I HAVE no blueprint of the world I want, but I do have pictured the foundation upon which such a world can be built. One stone in that foundation is the provision for all people of the basic requirements for life and happiness: food, clothing, health, and education. The cause for much of our distress today springs from the paradox that is presented by want and misery in a world of plenty. Another stone is consideration for the individual as an individual, not consideration of a man as a carpenter, Jew, white man, German, but as a separate and individual entity. If the individual is given this unbiased consideration with special attention to the greatest good to the greatest number, we will have traveled a long way toward solving our problems of race relations, of autonomy in a changing world, of economic freedom, of international friendship and cooperation, of social security and full employment. Every individual will have freedom to think, to question, and to object.

The other foundation stone is the realization of the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. When we as individuals learn to cooperate



Douglas Coy will finish his undergraduate work at the University of Texas this month and then heads for the army. He has been active in the Wesley Foundation at Austin.

When this war is over, I hope to be among those coming back, and I want to be ready to make what I'm coming back to better.

I want to see us more closely approach genuine democracy. And that certainly includes judging men on their merits, not their color.

—Louis K. Cramton, in *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a Negro Newspaper

November, 1943

Some of their (British workers) desire outside the industrial field are found in another resolution propounding four deficiencies, which are a little closer to the average man than the loftier four freedoms. The average Briton wants a decent home, a decent job, decent education, decent social security which means cash to pay the doctor and an independent old age.

—New York Times



Wyat Helsabeck of Troy, North Carolina, went to Pfeiffer Junior College where he distinguished himself both in writing and music. He has been in radio work in the Army Air Signal Corps and is now at Drew Field in Florida.

Confucius, the reformer and statesman, envisaged an entirely different human society. Once while taking a walk with a disciple to the city-gate tower, overlooking the suburb, Confucius heaved a deep sigh over the state of world affairs. In an andante mood Confucius revealed the following vision of the future world order. "When the great way prevails," said Confucius, "the world is a common state. Officers are elected according to their wisdom and ability, and mutual confidence and peace reign. People regard not only their own parents as parents and not only their own children as children. The old are able to enjoy their old age; the young are able to employ their talents; the juniors are free to grow; the helpless widows and widowers, the lonely orphans, and the crippled and deformed are provided for. Men have proper occupations; women have happy homes. Wealth is not to be thrown away, nor is it to be kept as personal property. Labor is not to be idle, nor is it to be used for personal advantage. In this way, selfish schemes cease to exist, and banditry and rebellion do not arise. As a result, doors (to all homes and cities and countries) are always open. This is the age of the Great Commonwealth."

—From *Contemporary China*

as brother laborers under His leadership, we will be far down the road toward a new and better world. I like to think that it is the simple things in life that are important, things such as earning an honest living, raising a family, worshiping God the way I choose, thinking and objecting as I please, living in freedom from fear, reading a beautiful poem, getting next to the earth in the garden, listening to a cardinal overhead, trying to understand the flower in the crannied wall. The kind of a world I want will allow me these things that I love and will offer every other man an equal opportunity to live a full and vital life.

We Build a Dwelling Place

Cpl. Wyatt Helsabeck

I WANT a large world, not a village stirred to arms. This world, as it has been made over, is a thimble of dissension. I want the minister to be the door of our house, and the educator, the industrialist, and the politician to be the furnishings. What a privilege to be ushered into such a house and to become a part of its scheme of housecleaning! Every man can throw open his own windows and breathe the air that to him smells sweetest, so long as he acknowledges the door. This house we mortgage now was badly built. There are too many windows working against the door.

I want militarism thrown out of our schools, a course in living given its place. We, as our enemies, have given militarists the key to our resources, and we are all miserable. I want a world that will beat swords into ploughshares, keeping only enough swords to cut away ungovernable growth; a world that governs, not rules.

I want a world that will be stirred by great books and great music, a wealth that will share them with the poor. A great book or a great song breeds love and worship.

I want more schools, more and more, rural schools particularly. We must encourage and support youth organizations with every penny and every effort possible. Our youth organizations will take the initiative in building the world I want, stressing race tolerance and world relationships through God. A large world, with its vastness to challenge us, must be the workshop. A spiritual outlook can be a practical outlook. I want a world that will give God's way a fair trial in its rebirth. There's nothing fantastic about God's way. There are many other young people who feel as I did when I wrote:

Power I crave for soaring like a rook,
For seeing cities out of eagle eyes,
The skylark's wings would don for one fond look
Into the mysteries of Paradise.
Far would I soar above the silent flood
And faithfully my blade of grass bring in,
Take bread to starved Elijah, if I could,
Or rescue Daniel from the lion's den.
All wondrous thoughts! Yet one ambition stands
Outshining all my sinful heart might crown:
To be at Calvary, and with my own hands
Reach to the cross and take Christ gently down!

Look for more statements on The Kind of a World I Want in the December issue.

A World That Must Be Built

Ray H. Jahn

WAS there ever a greater time than this to be alive? We shall win this war and the world which Hitler once promised to his youth shall become free to the youth of all nations. But it will be largely our responsibility to begin a peace which shall be for all youth, and not an armistice between nations. We know that we must set up a military, economic and political organization. Yet that will be but a scaffold. It offers no assurance of peace. Peace is cessation from strife but not from striving. It is not desirable as merely an end, and above all, it is not a gift. The kind of a peace I want cannot be given; it must be built. Therefore, I say: give me today. The foundation of tomorrow is laid today and I would begin now to build.

In winning this war, we win only the *right* to build; we win no peace, we win no safe or sure future. Rather we inherit problems that will come to a head in our time; problems of many backward peoples who are awakening to wrongs that have long been committed and ignored by the more powerful nations. These peoples will demand many things, and our peace will mean nothing to them if it is not also for their good.

We in America who have used the expressions "freedom" and "the right of the people . . .," have only now awakened to their deeper significance. It is toward the end they point that we must build. They are simple but flaming words. No dream has yet encompassed the whole of their possibilities, no zeal has matched their potentialities. No man has grasped the full import of the right of all men everywhere to build something finer and greater. This end alone is great enough and true enough for a permanent peace. Having won the right, we must begin to build this peace—now—within the scaffold we also must erect.

Where Men May Walk Humbly

Lt. Roger L. Shinn

YOU asked me to tell you the kind of world I want. I'm glad you put it that way, instead of asking what I expect. Because I'm not cheerful—not with hatred and money-grabbing all around, with "black markets" and race riots and shyster politics, and with the Gallup Poll finding fifty-eight per cent of us wanting the same old world after the war.

But I'm glad to say what I want and hope. Mostly it's a world of freedom and justice, where men can live unchained and uncramped except for the rights of others. I can't say it better than our President has expressed it—freedom of speech and religion, freedom from want and fear—complete freedom, except the freedom to dominate and oppress.

I want a world where men can be peaceful, where a man is himself and not his race or color. A world where freedom is as real in slums as in mansions—a world where there are no slums and no mansions. A world where every child is born with the right to a healthy life and education.

This is the world we can fight for. Beyond it is something more. We fight that men may have freedom to worship as they please; I hope and pray that they will worship God. I hope and pray that men will rather live courageous lives than safe ones; that they will be as jealous for the freedom of those across the world as for their own. I hope for a creative age, where the arts are an expression of life and not a luxury. We cannot fight for it or create it, because it is God's rare gift, but we can hope for an era when men walk humbly before God, and worship him in spirit and in truth.



Ray H. Jahn is a student in the University of Idaho. He is a member of the student editorial board of the magazine.

In other words, I am fighting for a progressive, humane American way of life—not the American way of life referred to by nostalgic reactionaries who want to go back to the *status quo* of ante 1929. I am fighting so that our river of democracy may roll on and wash away in its current more intolerances, more discriminations and more inequities and iniquities. And someday I pray to God that our river of democracy shall reach the sea and join with similar rivers of other nations, so that this country, which I love so dearly, and all countries will be bathed always in the waters of common decency.

—Pvt. Albert Gerber
in *The Link*



Lt. Roger Shinn writes from a desert training center. He is with the 52nd Armored Infantry. He left Union Theological Seminary and the ministry to enlist in the army. He has written for us many times.

Toward the conclusion of the question-and-answer period following a lecture by Harold Laski in a small English town, a tall slim airman about 23, wearing a decoration got up and said: "We ought not to be asked to die unless you are prepared to make us feel it is worth while dying."

Reporting this in an article, Laski wrote: "I do not dare add any commentary of my own to that significant sentence."

November, 1943

The People Must Speak

WITH Allied armies everywhere victorious, we are reminded of another war not yet won, for which the same hopeful portents do not exist. Besides the war against fascism, we are fighting another war—a war to destroy those conditions that gave rise to fascism, so that never again will fear and destruction rise up to plague the world. Without that victory, military success will be mere postponement.

Everywhere one hears the phrase: "postwar reconstruction." Mr. Wallace wants a "Century of the Common Man." Mr. Willkie wants "One World," Mr. Luce wants an "American Century," and so on. These plans vary from good to naive to dangerous, yet they are alike in this one respect: they represent the ideas of only one man (or in the case of Mr. Hoover and Mr. Gibson, of two men). They are not representative. So far, we have had no word from the American people themselves as to what they expect to get out of this war.

There are, of course, straws in the wind. The National Opinion Research Center reports that 65 per cent of a cross section of the American people expects there to be "some" or "lots" of unemployment after the war. Not a very encouraging sign. Yet, when the National Resources Planning Board presented its plan for avoiding just such a postwar depression, the report was practically ignored by the majority of the American people, and by their representatives in Congress.

What is the answer? Is it that there is a natural preoccupation with the necessity for military victory, without which any speculation, however intelligent, remains just speculation? Is it that men and women engaged in actual fighting or working long hours in defense plants are too tired at night to be interested in anything but a movie or a detective story? No, these can not be the whole answer, because in England, where the struggle has been infinitely more difficult, people find time for vigorous discussion. At local union meetings the advantages and disadvantages of the Beveridge Report were debated. In the army there are government sponsored forums where the British soldier gets a chance to learn and discuss what he is fighting for. The result is a country alive and united—one can be pretty sure that there will be no postwar reaction in Britain.

One part of the answer may be that in America the forces of reaction have been very busy. The NAM offers to subsidize the American Legion. Congress passes a bill which implies that labor is not solidly behind the war effort. There are race riots in Los Angeles, Beaumont, New York, Detroit. Similar tendencies are evident in foreign affairs: We set up an AMGOT that cannot mention the word "fascist." We favor Giraud over DeGaulle. Count Sforza offers to organize a Free Italian legion and is turned down by the State Department. Russia organizes a Free Germany movement while we ignore the problem. We continue to deal with fascist Spain.

It is time the American people made their voices heard. It is time for the youth of America to unite with labor unions, churches, and political parties to make clear our determination that when this war is over, our dead shall not have died in vain. We can no longer afford to sit by and watch history take shape before us. Where there is apathy it must be dispelled. Where there is disillusion it must be replaced by the will to do big things. There is too much at stake to rely on chance and professional politicians. We, the people, must speak.

(This editorial was written by Olga Corey of Antioch College for The United States Student Assembly bulletin, Assembly Line. It seems to us to state our dilemma so well that we asked permission to reprint it.)

motive proposes the consideration of an important suggestion

The Mind of the Young German Behind Barbed Wire

William Frederick Sollmann

WE know from pictures, the reports of travelers and the expert testimony of American soldiers, that the young German soldier is physically a tough specimen. We know, however, very little about his mind, except that many of the German soldiers have committed horrible crimes under the command of brutal Nazi discipline. No problem remains, of course, if we accept the sweeping statement that already long before Hitler all German youth were prepared for indoctrination with Nazi-ideas, because submission to regimentation, militarism, tyranny, leaderworship and uniformity in thinking and acting is innate to the German character. In direct contradiction to this generality are some historic facts in pre-Hitler Germany. For instance there were more political philosophies and parties and types of unions than in any other European country; there existed the numerically strongest Marxian labor organizations in the world; there were a wide variety of more than 10,000 consumer-, producer- and credit-cooperatives; finally, beginning as early as 1900, there was the development of the largest free youth movements in the world, with many thousand different groups and millions of members, organized according to their interests in politics, unionism, religion, hiking, singing, sports, music and all types of folk art.

The question now is whether ten years of enforced indoctrination are able to wipe out completely the tradition of free minds. It is useless to argue about this. We don't know, because Germany is hermetically closed to us, both as a dictatorship and as a nation at war.

We have a growing number of young Germans as prisoners of war in this country. There is no doubt that they represent a fair cross section of the mentality of the German youth. Will we be able to come into constructive contact with them? It will not be so easy. Some of their American visitors seem to assume that a casual question to a German prisoner will be frankly answered. That is not to be expected. As far as the prisoners are convinced anti-Nazis—in these classes certainly a small minority—they know very well that expressing their convictions would not only endanger themselves but also their relatives at home. Nazicells are well organized in the camps, and in spite of guards they know how to deal with "traitors." On the other hand many unpolitical youngsters, and that is the majority, feel primarily German, exactly as everyone of our soldiers feels American. That is only natural. Many prisoners will simply mean Germany if they stress their loyalty to Hitler. After all, for ten years they have been kept in a state of political illiteracy,

... is one of the distinguished exiled Germans who is now at home in America. From 1911-1933 he was editor in chief of the daily *Rheinische Zeitung* of Cologne and one of the leading columnists in Germany. He was a member of the National Assembly in Weimer as one of the founders of the German Republic. In 1919 he was a staff member of the German delegation at Versailles, and from 1920-1933 he was a member of the *Deutscher Reichstag*. In 1923 he was made Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of Chancellor Stresemann and served in two cabinets. He was exiled from Germany in 1933 for political reasons, and came to this country in 1937. He has lectured widely and is at the present time a staff member of Pendle Hill at Wallingford, Pennsylvania. His most recent publication is the Pendle Hill pamphlet, *Religion and Politics*.

prevented from knowing any counter ideas to Nazi totalitarianism. Many will hide their doubts about Hitler behind their German national pride. Some will be simply obstinate. Thus only a very tactful approach will bring us closer to the thinking of the prisoners, and we will succeed only after we have gained their confidence.

LONG before the Manifesto of the Free Germans in Russia was published, the Russian government had met the problem by carefully selecting anti-Nazis among the prisoners and by taking them out of the general camps and giving them a thorough political training. Is it expecting too much from the western democracies to develop a similar initiative? These democracies give a stricter interpretation to the Geneva convention of 1929 than does Moscow which has not signed that international convention. It may also be that the Russians care a little less because they experience Nazi morale on their own soil. Must we be inactive just because we decide against the Russian scheme? Have we no legal way in which we can widen the horizon of those young Germans? Have we not at least the duty and the right to give them truthful answers to the question burning in all of them: *what is this America after all?*

A small beginning has been made by those who have collected good German books and have established sufficient camp libraries. That is a step in the right direction. Canada has done this and in some other respects is already ahead of us. Is it not permissible, according to



Louise E. Jefferson's excellent map of the "Makers of the U. S. A." is available in color, $34\frac{1}{2} \times 22\frac{1}{2}$. It has been published by the Missionary Education Movement, and can be secured through your denominational literature headquarters for twenty-five cents. It is artistically good and a very real bargain at this price.

the Geneva convention, to make the young Germans acquainted with typical American sports? Could not educational committees formed by the German prisoners provide for English language classes? Many young Germans will be eager to study English. Is it not possible to provide for courses in American history, American social problems, American literature? In addition, there are many good movies presenting American factories, farms, cities, stores, landscapes, family culture, church life, schools and sports. They would be certainly accepted in the camps. Most of the young Germans are completely ignorant about the United States. This is one of the reasons for their sometimes insolent and stupid remarks. Living behind barbed wire or doing enforced labor outside of the camps is certainly not enough to give the right impression of this country.

I UNDERSTAND that German language papers of this country are permitted to send copies into the camps to be sold to the prisoners. I doubt whether many prisoners will spend some of their little money to buy newspapers. As these papers are largely opposed to Hitlerism, they will be suspect. It will be easy for the Nazis in the camps to denounce them as anti-German. These

papers may be excellent for our free citizens of German ancestry who are up to date in politics, but they are repulsive to the fanatics or political illiterates in the camps. As far as the German language papers are "neutral" they are simply boring. Incidentally the prisoners need facts, not political comments. There is much military, economic, and political material, clearly acceptable for presentation to them.

What might be most helpful in my opinion would be a *Readers Digest* (in German *Auslese*), informative and strictly unpolitical. This periodical, perhaps a weekly, could publish in German translation the best writings and pictures of American life, printed in newspapers, periodicals and books in this country. Such a compilation would be truly a revelation to many young Germans. It might tell them more about the democratic way of living than all the violent attacks against Hitler and his system. Re-education cannot begin by simply blaming the Nazis, calling them criminals, which is what they are. It must begin by presenting positive material on the superiority of democracy. One should approach the prisoners primarily from the American and not from the German side. This does not exclude the use of quotations from the best pre-Hitler writers of Germany and of other cultures in the

proposed digest. Such a periodical would lead to discussions in the camps. Prisoners might be permitted to write critically to the editor. These letters might help to improve the range and type of selections. Such contacts between Americans outside and Germans in the camps would give us some real information about the mentality of our young German enemies. Incidentally it would not be an affair of some weeks or months. We will have

prisoners of war for many months, probably for several years. I feel that there is a great educational opportunity in the prison camps, a ready laboratory for methods of reeducation. We do not need vulgar propaganda and indoctrination. Facts on America will be convincing enough. Shall we not try to discover the mind of the young Germans behind their pretended uniformity of thinking?

Sicily--The 16th of August, 1943

Dearest Dad:

At one time during this campaign I returned from the front to a town where things were fairly well organized. I will confess that one day in the week is like another but I suddenly discovered that it was Sunday. A captain Waldschundt (a fine fellow) and myself decided to take in church. The service was held in a beautiful Sicilian cathedral and was conducted by army chaplains. It was a strange sight. Men with bloodshot eyes, tired faces, lean, well tanned from front line rations and sun, filed into the cathedral. All wore, like ourselves, field uniform, and I doubt if any had been able to change it for a clean one in the previous two weeks. Steel helmets, rifles and cartridge belts bulging with shells gave the scene an unusual complexion to say the least. The captain and I sat in the very back; the entire church was filled. "Rock of Ages" was our first hymn and with a subdued clatter of steel helmets and firearms we arose to sing. Was this church worship? Must we come armed as if we expected to have to defend ourselves by killing in the midst of prayer? The organ (only an army portable) played the opening chords. I glanced at the faces about me. There stood a sergeant I'd met previously under fire. Here and there I recognized men, recalling a night of artillery barrage or the lull following. At that time these faces had been tense and full of hatred with a desire to kill and destroy.

The American soldier is far different from any other I have ever encountered. I am not a veteran of many battles but I have been under fire in the past. We were all green in Africa. Now I have witnessed other green men baptized into a new world—one of kill or be killed. At first it is terrifying to them. Suddenly a shell or grenade bursts near by and one finds a friend who no longer talks, who just lies on the ground untouched by all that follows. Then a change comes over our soldiers. Their faces freeze in a grim expression of hate and realization of the job that must be done. I have heard some mutter "The dirty sons of ——" The fear and panic is gone. They firmly grip their rifles and start to move. It is not hysterical, their manner, this new outlook of theirs. It is a realistic, cold hatred for that which has driven us to kill. They move in a wave paying no attention to other shells. There is a nest full of "lice" that must be exterminated. It becomes kill or be killed, and all man's natural desire to live asserts itself as they press themselves to the ground and work toward their objective. On and on they move. Now the enemy may hold or throw them back, but in the end the result is the same. Slowly but surely they cut them to pieces!

These are the men that rose from their seats in a beautiful Sicilian cathedral to sing "Rock of Ages." I tried to sing but couldn't. I am not particularly soft but I had to fight to keep back the tears. At the beginning of the second verse I managed to regain control. I didn't need the book. The words came to me from long ago. My dad was in the pulpit giving me a smile; mother stood beside me and I could hear her clear voice above the others; A—— had her hand in mine and I sang with all my heart and soul. The scripture was read, a prayer, and then "Faith of Our Fathers." "Faith of our fathers, holy faith, I will be true to thee till death." How those men could sing! Bass, tenor, melody all blended to swell the music of the little organ so that it filled the church with an unearthly sound. Here and there I noticed a tear rolling down a soldier's face and ceased to fight back my own. There was a short sermon followed by the hymn "Onward Christian Soldiers." What memories came back to me as I sang. I was back from 5000 miles away with you again. I didn't want it all to end. It was a peace I hadn't experienced for so long. . . . We all filed out of the church. The next day I left for the front again. But wherever I go, wherever I am, I'll always have the peace and memory of an hour of worship, of singing old hymns in that ancient cathedral.

If by some chance you are at a loss for a hymn program, I'd like it very much if you could sing those hymns. I doubt if the congregation can sing them as they were sung then by a hundred or so men just out of the lines, but I offer it as a challenge. Those hymns came to life that day.

But above all else know, believe, have faith in my safety. I am well and safe. God is taking care of us all.

Your son

[We are indebted to Dr. R. Lincoln Long, minister of the Collingwood Avenue Presbyterian Church of Toledo, Ohio, for this letter from his son.]

November, 1943

The Man Who Looked Like God

II

Eternal Life

Edwin McNeill Poteat

THE rich young ruler, long the city's pride
Had recently achieved, by accident
Two new distinctions. When his father died
He won, by that fortuitous event,
The title of The Richest Citizen,
And Chairman of the Elders of the City.
The envious and socially ambitious,
Whose smiles were formal and whose gossip vicious,
Had to concede, despite their petty snarlings,
To him and to his spouse whose charm and wit
Were added wealth and power—and lots of it—
The undisputed title—Fortune's darlings.
He was above the blandishments of men,
She was beyond their patronage or pity.

The R.Y.R.—it seems perversely odd—
Was far from satisfied. Though life was easy
Upon the cosmic level, thoughts of God
And Life Eternal left him feeling queasy.
His pride of wealth, his sense of civic heft,
The ostentatious greetings—right and left—
These all were soured by the yeasty leaven
Of his uncertainty of God and heaven.
At times he frankly muttered to himself
That he was bored by flattery and pelf;
And though he yearned but little for the revels
Of wastrels in the taverns late at night
He knew the teasing of a dozen devils
That walked beside him daily, dressed in light.
He was a paragon to public view
Who loathed it all in private. What to do?

One day a vagrant prophet with a troupe
Of trained performers—healers, some one said—
Stopping for respite and a bite of bread,
Greeted with brief formalities the group

Other writers on

The Man Who Looked Like God

Georgia Harkness
Howard Thurman
William Faulkner

Allan Hunter
James Chubb
Philip Mayer

Richard T. Baker

That loitered in the shadow of the wall.
The prophet, slightly taller than them all,
After a word of pleasantry or two,
Began to talk about Eternal Life.
It seemed a subject somewhat out of place
With men whose daily enterprise was rife
With bread and similar preoccupations.
And yet He spoke with eloquence and grace
That ratified His quaint vaticinations.
Eternal Life, as He, in brief, forecast it,
Was not postmortem life, ethereal
Or hyperborean, supramundane, new;
It was a value, not a sequence-serial,
Something to heighten time, not to outlast it.
There are some qualities, He sagely said,
That *ought* to last forever. After all
Values are timeless, never credited
By weights and measures—long, or deep, or small.
This was good sense and many a nodding head
Approved the prophets homily withal.
His words were honest, obvious and true.

They had been talking thus about an hour
When someone thought about The Town's Delight—
Their man of money, prominence and power—
Who might find interest, indeed who might
Find profit in the Prophet's simple talk;
And so he fetched him. He forebore to walk;
The brief report about the Prophet's theme
Quickened his feet and he, in haste, forgot
The dignity that graced him, the esteem
In which the townsfolk held him. For he thought
If there were priest or prophet, sage or seer,
Or charlatan or montebank, indeed,
Who could relieve his boredom, he would hear
His final word or generously concede
A whole day's business, could he hear discussed
Eternal Life. A sage was in the Town
And soon to travel hence. Therefore he must
Hasten his haste to question Him. He ran
And knelt before Him in the market place
And, breathing heavily before The Man
Panted his query: "Sir, what shall I do
To gain Eternal Life? A teacher; you
Should have an answer."

There was some surprise
Among the people; but the Prophet's eyes
Flashed a bright greeting and He answered back:
"Good, why call me good? There's none but suffers lack
Save God, and God alone. What do you think
Of Moses and his laws?" He specified
Five sins forbidden in the ancient code—
Five sins enough for any mortal load—
The five by strong men shriven with a wink,
The five by weak men haunted when denied.
For what is lust except the vaunt of power
Surging unchidden in the youthful vein;
And what is murder but the baleful glower
Of anger, young and ridden without reign?
Theft is the strength or cleverness to wrest

Walter Hampden
as Manson,
in Charles Rann
Kennedy's *Servant
in the House* (1908).

The cut is loaned
through the courtesy
of *Theatre Arts*
with the kind
permission of
Mr. Hampden.



A shekel from a hand or from a breast;
Is not a lie a threat against a mind
To prove a treacher true, a villain kind?
And he who turns weak love toward his sire
Warms his strong heart before a selfish fire.
These are the sins of youth, the surge of strength,
That feeble age berates but shrives at length.
But he who beats them back when sore bestead—

* * * * *

The circle of the listeners that had spread
Offering room, contracted closely 'round.
Here was a test of wits, or better still,
A show of local virtue, safe and sound!
The Young Man answered promptly with a will:

November, 1943

"These five commandments, since I was a child
I have not breached so much as once."

Beguiled

By his quick answer and his honest face,
The Prophet loved him. There was scarce a trace
Of boasting in his words, nor did the smile
On half-a-score of faces hint of guile.
For what he told the Teacher was the truth,
And yet he knew that though it was impressive
Its moral impetus was retrogressive.
He had been wed at the first bruit of youth;
He had not done a murder—why indeed
Should he have killed who nothing knew of need?
No more of reason had he had to steal
Since wealth supplied his whimsy and his weal.
To lie—what strange compulsions could induce

When honesty provided safer use?
 To honor parents—this, in truth, no irk
 For one whose liesure was his hardest work!
 Who, while they lived, ate from a silver platter
 And when they died, from gold. A simple matter
 To recompense with honor such devotion.
 The man had spoken truly yet the notion
 That his five-featured rectitude was vain
 Turned with his words to fret his soul again.

What could the Teacher say? He felt that deep
 Beneath the surface of this confidence
 Seeped a slow sullen stream of discontent.
 He might have argued with him, made a dent
 In his proud armor, laughed at his expense
 Or probed for secrets he was sworn to keep.
 But He forbore in kindness, and because
 His true concern was more with life than laws.
 Commandments are to keep, life to be gained—
 A very different business oftentime;
 So He suggested something He explained
 That Moses didn't think of on his climb.

And this is what the Prophet said: "You lack
 One thing; go sell the goods that you possess
 And give it to the poor, and then come back.
 Such is your way to win Eternal Life;
 Forget the other ways that men profess;
 Return again and follow after me
 And you will find, and finally agree
 That you have won new value, heaven-coin,
 Not houses, lands, father or mother, wife.
 But wealth no court can credit or enjoin."

Here was a rule that Moses had not dared
 To write into the Sinaitic Code.
 If every man sold all he had and shared
 With every other, every other's load,
 False balances were easily redressed
 If ownership were shareship, thus confessed.
 But if I gave my all, and you gave yours
 And he gave his and they gave theirs away,
 Who, pray, would keep; and who would save the day
 When stark privation threatened at the doors?
 Such were an artifice foredoomed to fail
 With laws of primogeniture, entail,
 Or simpler things like manna, or like quail.

And yet the Teacher knew the young man's need;
 His plague was money and his foe was greed.
 For years without a struggle in his soul
 He kept his five commandments, clean and whole.
 Yet since the area of moral stress
 Was elsewhere, victory was savorless.
 Murder, adultery, the theft, the lie,
 Honor to parents—easy to comply;
 But such a thing as penny-thieving greed,
 The lust for gain, the lie of avarice—
 These things were something else again indeed—
 They were the worm, the blight, the cockatrice.
 His hand—it could be honestly confessed—
 That never touched a harlot had caressed
 With warm esurient strokes the lifeless cold
 Of metal loved of men and wooed as gold;
 The lips that never once had spoken guile
 To others, oft had parted in a smile
 To whisper to himself the ageless lie
 That greed believes and flaunts as alibi;

The knees that hitherto had never bent
 Except to honor father, mother, God,
 Now grovelled in the shining dust, intent
 To supplicate a shekel with a nod.

Eternal Life—that was the boon he asked
 The Teacher to explain. It could be his
 If he would come to grips, ungirt, unmasked,
 With sin that was his master. Only this
 Wins the eternal guerdon. Such a coign
 Is not for him who calls a battle won
 When there was never enemy to join—
 Who draws his sword when other swords are done.
 He cannot boast that he has conquered death
 Who never drew an unsalubrious breath;
 Nor he of races won unthinking talk
 Who yet must learn *de novo* how to walk!
 That life alone can claim eternal worth
 That has the will to meet and to subdue
 Its mortal foe and pin it to the earth.

The crowd was silent, and the Teacher too.
 The Rich Young Ruler fixed his sullen gaze
 Upon the ground as if he heard a voice
 Deeper than silence echoing down the days:
 The eloquence of eyes demanding choice,
 The eloquence of love espoused of pity,
 The eloquence of market, street and city,
 The eloquence of man's unvoiced esteem,
 The eloquence of failure and of dream.
 He did not lift his eyes; the ground was wide,
 The ground where life was easy, where his pride
 Had boasted victories without a fight—
 Sham-battles, shadow-boxing, sure exemption,
 Certain of safety, careless of redemption.
 He did not lift his eyes but went away
 Compelled to sorrow, as the scriptures say,
 Because he was a man of great possessions.

Such sadness were the strangest of obsessions!
 Great wealth, we think, induces meager sorrow.
 Perhaps he came again upon the morrow
 With argument provided by his wife
 To talk some more about Eternal Life.
 Such whimsies matter little; there are many
 For those who want to finish out the story.
 But here is writ enough and more for any
 Who seek life's meaning and its utter glory.
 Eternal Life is neither bliss to inherit,
 Nor right of birth, nor talisman, nor merit;
 To win one's battle where the fight is hot is
 To live *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Edwin McNeill Poteat's *Four Freedoms and God* (Harpers) has just come from the press. It is as current in its interpretation of the underlying spiritual freedom on which all freedom is based as is today's plan for a new world. But books of sermons and theological discourse represent only one side of Dr. Poteat's literary output. He is a poet, too. His *Centurian*, published in 1937, is a long poem. The interpretations of Jesus and the rich young ruler which we print was written this summer. Dr. Poteat is now the minister of the Euclid Avenue Baptist Church in Cleveland.

A Matter of Life and Death

O Death, Where is Thy Sting?

Nels F. S. Ferré

*A Theologian Discusses
the Christian Meaning
of Death*

Look In Subsequent
issues of *motive for*

*A Matter of Life and
Death*

from the Point of View of
—the Minister—Albert Day
—the Soldier—John Bartek

November, 1943

WHY do we all have to die? To those actively engaged in the war the question of death is more pressing but no more mysterious than to us all. It is far easier to explain the war than to explain death. For good reasons, all aspects of evil—of which war is a large one—from the Christian point of view, head up in sin and death. The Bible says that while *the law was given that we might know sin, death came because of sin, but that Christ by the Cross has slain both sin and death.*

Does this Christian explanation have any meaning for us today? Does it carry both intellectual and living conviction? What does it mean in modern terms?

First, the problems of human life and death may never be adequately explained on lower levels than the human. In nature we see constant creativity and decay. We see old life giving room to new. We see growth and dissolution. Human life and death are part and parcel of this process but at the same time also much more.

Above the level of nature, moreover, rises that of historic process. History is partly natural and partly human. It is a realm of decision concerning those things which come from the past and the continuing of those things which are changed by our decision. This continuance is partly natural, by means, for instance, of institutions and books or records which externally influence new decisions and deciders, and partly human, in terms of attitudes, purposes, and appropriations. Thus, many feel that though they die their influence goes on, for good or ill, and that this makes life meaningful and death a continual challenge to it. They may even believe that there is a structure in the universe, God, who preserves beyond historic flux the good they do. The falling rain thus not only makes moist the fields for present harvest and rejoins the stillness of the ocean, but also leaves behind a rainbow of perpetual promise for coming generations.

Far deeper and more significant is the Christian explanation. Its level includes the truth of the natural and historical while defining their limits of explanation. The Christian knows that the kind of life we see in Jesus can never be explained in terms less than itself. Here is what is ultimately real, the point from which to view all else. Through Jesus we can see God, share his purpose, and partake of his power. Through Jesus we know that God works to create an unlimited fellowship where under God all live creatively and self-givingly for the whole fellowship. The Cross is the means to effect in God's time this community and to show the depth and seriousness of God's love. Here is no sentimentality, rather, the full depths of realism.

To make us real persons and not automata, God gave us freedom. There can be no real fellowship without freedom for there can be no real fellows. Freedom is no end in itself; it must ever be within genuine fellowship. Death works to doom self-sufficient individualism. Its sway is far wider than the end of human life. The brevity and precariousness of life co-operate to make the individual appreciate all the more its preciousness and responsibility. All the time in every life the battle rages between life and death; between anabolism and katabolism; between natural instincts and disciplined meanings; between self and society; between spiritual darkness and God. All life on every side is touched with death to make freedom responsible, to give to life the sense that it matters, and to convince us that we all affect and need one another.

We can now see how sin is continually bringing the quality of death into the stream of life; the sin that keeps the self to itself away from fellowship; the sin that injects conflict, destruction, meaninglessness, and fear into the social stream; the sin that makes living death for many, physically, morally, socially. When freedom is used irresponsibly and the preciousness of life in fellowship is disregarded, the self, the community, the nation, and the world reap gradually or catastrophically the results: the quality of death in life and even the ending of life in death. Pride, fear, greed, ignorance, and faithlessness give death in life and to life; and within an organic context of life the wages of sin is shared by all regardless of proportion of guilt.

But death is more than a quality in life, and sin is more than perversion of the individual life and wrong reaction to society. Death is the dividing line between our history and God's. Individual freedom and finite fellowship stand under the doom of the inevitable end as "a tale that is told." Thus man's vision is limited, his reason is cut, his end collapses before him. All men move toward the precipice and in finite time the rate always is too rapid for anyone who

is human, who thinks. Because man cannot see beyond and yet sees the end, both his reason and his strength fail him. He often tries to hide from God hoping for nothingness, but deep down he knows the more fearful fate. Man, because of death, ever confronts God however he may try to postpone the encounter. Death is the collapse of individual self-sufficiency, of the pride of reason and of human morality. He who truly knows death knows the need for faith and grace; for the full acceptance of God's love and strength.

Death, finally, is the actual shock of losing life and all it holds. Man alone can know death as a quality of life and as the limit of his own vision and competence. But he must live his life, and death constitutes only an aspect, a threat, and a dread. Actual death means man's basic shock when he is alone with the Alone. While he lives he grasps at possessions, position, or friendships to cover the nakedness of his needs. In children or tasks he tries to burst the limits of life. Sudden sickness or loss of close friends, possessions, or work may cause him to mount up a bit to see more keenly the eternal meanings of life, but present activity, near hopes, and more temporal dreads soon close up the larger perspec-

tive. Only a few live on death by living beyond it. Death is the shock when each one, all by himself, stripped bare of all relations and objects of interest, meets his God.

The Christian knows not only that life outlives death but also that all life is slain by death until death itself is slain by the Cross, by the full losing of one's life in God's fellowship through the love and power of Christ. *Death is partly God's general work in nature, and its laws take many even before the budding of their earthly purpose; death is partly historical, and human sin sometimes hastens the coming of the avenger; but death in its larger meaning is the limit of man's freedom to make it responsible, the limit of human reason and competence to make necessary faith and grace, and the shock to the individual to make him stand naked before his God.* We do not know when in God's eternity this fellowship of our history will reach its fullness. But we do know that life is utterly serious; that human meanings and selves have no permanence apart from God; and we know also that when we accept God's purpose, nothing, "neither death . . . nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Nels Frederick Solomon Ferre is another of our contributors whose book, *Return to Christianity* (Harpers), is just off the press. Born in Sweden, Dr. Ferre went to Boston University, then to Andover Newton Theological Seminary for a divinity degree, and to Harvard for his doctor's degree. He has also studied at Sweden's two greatest universities, Lund and Uppsala. He is now teaching at Andover Newton. His published works include his well known book, *The Christian Fellowship*, published in 1940.

DEATH

Clyde Madden

That night
By the river
When thunder
And the rumble of wild waters
Told us that
Now
Eternity no longer eternal was

And day dawned
Proclaiming
Infinity

Life began

SOURCE

A life of action and danger moderates the fear of death. It not only gives us fortitude to bear pain, but teaches us at every step the precarious tenure on which we hold our present being. Sedentary and studious men are the most apprehensive on this core.

—William Hazlett

As a man, casting off old clothes, puts on others and new ones, so the embodied (self) casting off old bodies, goes to others and new ones. . . . Therefore, knowing it to be such, you ought not to grieve. But even if you think it is constantly born, and constantly dies, still . . . you ought not to grieve thus. For to one that is born, death is certain; and to one that dies, birth is certain.

—The Bhagavadgita

Death to me is the pathway to God. I cannot believe otherwise. Even now it is God who gives me life. . . . If I praise God for life, can I refrain from praising Him for death? Let me in response to that solemn summoning voice quietly commit my soul to God. Death cannot be a victor over me. Through death I am a victor Godward. Nay, God is ever victorious over death. He tramples it under His feet.

—Kagawa

As for the saints that are in the earth

These Are the Excellent

. . . . in whom is all my delight

First Lady of the World

Geraldine T. Fitch

A FRIEND of mine was in Madame Chiang Kai-shek's entourage on her transcontinental tour. This woman journalist finished her report on China's First Lady with this statement: "Madame Chiang has brought China into the hearts of the Americans."

After attending both the Washington and the New York receptions for Madame Chiang and hearing her in Madison Square Garden, I said in a newsletter to my friends: "She has rightly captivated the hearts of the American people, and I think has accomplished in one visit what centuries of formal friendship between China and America could not do. She has made Americans realize that the Chinese are like us: our differences superficial, our similarities fundamental. Only as restaurateur and laundryman (and none better) the American people knew the Chinese before. Now they know that people in China often are educated, cultured, beautiful, tolerant, and Christian as well."

I realize that Americans probably still want to know how representative Madame Chiang is of her country and her people. Is she typical or is she unique?

If I say she is both, it will sound contradictory, and yet I am going to say just that. We who have lived in China already had China in our hearts. We knew that China was not made up of laundry-men and restaurant keepers. Indeed most of both—scattered as they are clear across America—came from one small sector of one southern province of China. But in our speaking and writing about China, we who knew have not emphasized enough the fact that the Chinese are very much like us.

I remember that on my first return to this country from China, people wanted me to "say something in Chinese," or to "show how the Chinese use chopsticks," or to tell why they read from right to left and from top to bottom of a page,—all non-essential things in which their "different" way preceded our way by thousands of years. There were few questions then about the resources of the country, the educational needs, the character of the government, the transportation problems and similar matters of

importance. As for extraterritoriality and Oriental Exclusion Acts, if Americans knew of such, they took them for granted.

TODAY we are much more China-conscious. We realize that we live in "One World" with the Chinese, and that we need to know them better in the near-future, especially in the postwar period. Madame Chiang has greatly helped toward this end. To the attributes I enumerated in my letter to friends I



Last June, Wesleyan College, Macon, Georgia, awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws to Madame Chiang and to her two famous sisters in absentia. Mrs. W. N. Ainsworth, widow of Bishop Ainsworth who was president of Wesleyan when Mei-ling Soong was a student, was chosen to place the hood on the distinguished visitor.

—Photo by Press Association, Inc.

November, 1943

wish to add three more: the democratic, the humorous, and the appreciative.

Generalizations are dangerous. I should define the limits of my comparison. Not all the Chinese people are educated or beautiful—any more than all Americans. Nor are there as *many* educated people in China as in America. There are a great many more people (at least three times as many), and fewer educational opportunities. But educated Chinese are like educated Americans, and Madame Chiang is representative of this class. Culture is a term calling for definition, but within the limits of space, I shall confine myself to that aspect of it known as courtesy.

There are attributes so applicable to Americans in general and to Chinese in general that we may call them national traits common to both. Among these are a love of democracy, a sense of justice and fair-play, and a keen sense of humor. In respect to these characteristics the Chinese are more like us than any other people I know. They have two national qualities which are not typically American, as I think you will agree. They are tolerant; and—from the highest to the most humble—they have this innate sense of courtesy. On the other hand, we have a greater social consciousness, developed, I think, from greater contact with Christianity. More of us, at least, have been exposed to Christianity. Not all of us have "taken" it, of course. Dr. Y. C. Yang's recent book "*China's Religious Heritage*" indicates that perhaps the Chinese take Christianity more seriously than we do when they are exposed.

Beyond these generalizations—always subject to exceptions—I would like to be explicit, and let China's First Lady demonstrate the characteristics which are common to her people.

MADAME CHIANG speaks English without foreign accent, though (as the state of Georgia was quick to point out during her recent visit) with a slightly southern drawl. Many Americans have assumed that this was because she came to school in this country at an early age. But her sisters, Madame H. H. Kung and Madame Sun Yat-sen, who were older when they came to Macon, Georgia, also speak English without accent. So do many Chinese I have known who have not been in America at all, but who studied English in mission schools in China. It is more because the Chinese are natural linguists, and because they usually have Americans as their teachers—for the course in English at least. The Japanese, on the contrary, are the world's worst linguists, and usually learn their English from a Japanese teacher who studied under a Japanese who learned his English from an American, if you follow

me. His English relationship is thrice-removed.

It will be quickly granted that Madame Chiang is cultured. She has a great heritage—five thousand years of art, literature, poetry and philosophical thought behind her. This cultural inheritance probably accounts for the national characteristic of courtesy which I mentioned. I have been impressed by it in the humblest peasant and in corners of China most remote and off-the-beaten-path. To a degree, every Chinese is also a philosopher and an individualist. In addition, Madame Chiang has *Christian* culture back of her,—six generations back to Catholic forebears on her mother's side, second-generation Christian on her father's side.

I have heard no one dissent from the general verdict that Madame Chiang is beautiful. Personally, I think much more so than when I first knew her. A Chinese friend of mine, and bridesmaid at her wedding, said to me after her Madison Square Garden appearance, "You know she is beautiful. We used to think of her as good-looking, but now she is really beautiful!" This is worth a moment's consideration. Both countries have their share of beautiful women, but here is something better than Palmolive's fourteen-day-plan. I have noticed that many women are much nearer beauty at middle age than in their youth. But they are not those who worry or fret, who have inner frustrations or conflicts, who have sharp retorts for friends or family. It is a matter of character development, when with the years, come patience, serenity, poise and developed personality. It is more than skin-deep!

MADAME CHIANG'S tolerance was evidenced in many things that she said, perhaps in this as much as any: "There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone and suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lessons gained thereby. . . . Let us, the United Nations, which have

come together by choice, resolve to create a world resting on the pillars of justice, co-existence, cooperation and mutual respect." I am too realistic to think there is no hatred, no bitterness, among the Chinese people toward the Japanese. But I do say: To an amazing degree—especially marked in contrast with other nations who have suffered in any way commensurate with the Chinese—they have refused to hate or to plan revenge upon their enemy. I attribute this to their tolerance, and to the example of their Christian leaders, among whom the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang are foremost.

The forthright Christian faith evidenced in the article Madame Chiang wrote in 1934 entitled: "What My Religion Means to Me"—which the Methodist Board recently changed to "I Confess My Faith"—was re-affirmed on her visit to this country when she said that she felt the work of the church in the post-war world should emphasize the bringing of the Kingdom of God to earth *now*.

Was it her practical Christianity (for the Chinese are practical), or her sense of humor, or both, which led her to counter President Roosevelt's suggestion that more aid would be given China "as soon as the Lord will let us" with the apt turning of the old American adage, "The Lord helps those who help themselves"? The cheerfulness of her people under adversity was evidenced in her friendly smile, which flashed forth often, though she was deadly serious in her public addresses, and she was suffering from fatigue and strain most of the time.

In spite of the fact that, even with a much larger staff, she could not have kept up with "fan-mail" which ran to as many as 2000 letters a day at times, still she expressed her appreciation publicly for the overwhelming welcome, the messages of good will, the kindness of the American people, their interest in her country, their contributions to relief in her country, especially to the warphans who have been her special project from

Geraldine T. Fitch (Mrs. George A.) is a past president of the American Association of University Women in Shanghai. She knew Madame Chiang Kai-shek before her marriage, when she was Mayling Soong. Mrs. Fitch and her husband were among the many present at the wedding of the Chiang Kai-shek's, and then had the distinction of being the first Americans to have them in their home for dinner. Madame Chiang's sister, Madame H. H. Kung, is godmother to Mrs. Fitch's youngest son, Bob.



President Nenien Coatsworth McPherson, Jr., has just awarded the degree to Madame Chiang and Mrs. Ainsworth is adjusting the hood. Dean A. L. Akers presented the candidate. In introducing Madame Chiang to the audience, Dr. McPherson called her Wesleyan's most distinguished alumnae—"the most distinguished woman in the world."

—Photo by Cecil Coke of Macon, for the Acme News Service

the beginning of the war. She did not come to America to beg, either for more relief or for more military supplies. When asked about postwar food for China, she said simply, "China can feed her people after the war." She acknowledged China's dire need of more planes and more guns, but always she implied partnership: America's war machines and weapons; China's manpower and will to resist.

SO, although she came for her health, she remained to conquer. She captivated America, and "brought China into

the hearts of Americans." She is representative of her people in that she exemplified the attributes which endear the Chinese to those of us who have lived among them and known them well. We feel at home with them. We have good times together. We forget that we are of different races. We become friends. Usually we learn more than we teach, receive more than we give, except that we feel we have an "absolute" to share: the universal Christ.

On the other hand, Madame Chiang is

unique, because she would be outstanding and unusual in any country. She has been called the First Lady of the world—and I am willing to concede her that distinction. I have often felt like saying, as did Mordecai of Queen Esther, "Who knoweth but that thou art come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?" Perhaps the crucial time and China's need have made her First Lady great. Certainly she has been tried as by fire. And certainly she shines today like refined gold, weighed, and not found wanting.

To the student body of Wesleyan I should like to say that what has enabled China to carry on is well expressed by these few lines, and I hope you will take these lines to heart:

"Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own."

—Madame Chiang at Wesleyan College, Georgia, June, 1943.

So You Are Going to

MALAYA!

Herbert Peterson

SO you are going to Malaya! All your life you have scarcely heard of the country, except, perhaps, that Singapore was an evil city. Some of us knew that it was the general area from which our tin and rubber came. That was about the extent of our information until the war spotlighted the country.

The first question most people ask is about the climate. In general, the climate is hot, wet, yet sometimes cool. Any month may be a rainy month, and any day may be a day when the skies darken and the rain falls three or four inches per hour by the hour. When the sun shines upon this humidity, especially in the lowlands, it is hot. Conversely, the nights in the mountainous country can be uncomfortably wet and cold.

Since you are going to Malaya under unusual circumstances, some social conditions, health suggestions, a few of the customs, and what to do when lost can be of some value to you.

I. Social Conditions

The population of the Malay peninsula is composed primarily of Chinese, Indians, and Malays. When you arrive there, you will be surprised to find the great number of people who speak English well. English has been the tongue of a broad cross-section of the country for many years. You can be fairly sure that you can travel about on your English and the few Malay words you pick up as you go.

You may be surprised to find that many of the Asiatics are Christian. They are unusually devout and honest, and are possessed of a high moral standard. The devout Christian will not appreciate any profanity, but your character and your integrity will arouse within him a valuable sympathetic chord.

You will find, also, that many non-Christian Asiatics are motivated by fear. Not only will they fear you, but they live in a little world filled with fearful things. An unusual noise in the dark sometimes paralyzes them with fear, and superstitions are legion in areas where the unusual or the unexplained has happened.

II. Health Suggestions

There are four general rules of health. They are: 1. protect your eyes from the noon-day sun. An eye inflammation from

... writes of Malaya from first-hand experience as a teacher and minister. He has just received his doctor's degree from the University of Denver, and with his wife is now on the way to teach at Ward College in Buenos Aires.

a combination of over-exposure to the sun and an upset stomach can put you in the hospital for a painful session. 2. Always sleep under a mosquito net. There are no exceptions as this is a fairly satisfactory preventative for malaria. Malaya is full of malaria, and the anopholes mosquito, which is the carrier, is a night flyer. 3. Drink from no stream, and eat nothing sold by a peddler. This rule is a *must*, and no one foreign to the country can run the risks which the impure water and the exposed food afford. 4. Finally, no one can be his efficient self in the tropics without rest, ample rest. Since you are from the temperate zone you will perform remarkably for a limited time. After that your fatigue will show up in irritability, low resistance to colds and other disorders, and a state of mind not conducive to efficient work with the Asiatics who may be your truest friends.

III. Customs

In a general way there are two kinds of customs in Malaya: those which are binding to you, and those which are binding to the Asiatics. It is necessary to know only a few, for your errors will be excused because you are a foreigner.

Don't shake hands with anyone unless he proffers his hand first. The custom goes even farther than just that: don't touch anyone at any time. The Asiatic men will walk along the street hand in hand, but it is embarrassing to an Asiatic if you take his hand. Furthermore, leave an Asiatic woman strictly alone. Her advances may be coy and pleasant, and you may yearn to go with her. If you do go you may have a pretty swell time, but before long you may end up with a knife between your shoulder blades or with a small dose of white arsenic, which is just as efficient.

Finally, there is the extremely important matter of giving and receiving. Asiatics love tobacco, and they will get yours by hook or crook. Give yours to



—motive photo

them, and give it cheerfully. It will pay you many times over to give away your last cigarette, even though you may have no idea when you can get another.

When anyone presents you with something, no matter how trivial, receive it with *both hands*. That respectful gesture will make the humblest person your debtor and will please even a sultan or raja. Receiving things in both hands is in the nature of a salute and a sign of respect.

The customs common among the Asiatics which you should recognize are two in number. The Asiatic likes to haggle over the price of his wares. Since you are an American, when you go to buy you will be asked an exorbitant figure. You will label yourself a fool if you don't beat the salesman down to his lowest price. If you have anything to sell, you will be talked down to a ridiculously low price on the basis of the prospective purchaser's poverty as compared with your affluence, his starving children, his decrepit parents, and so. This brings around the other custom which you should recognize, and it is a custom peculiar to the non-Christian. The non-Christian values the truth lightly, therefore to prove a point he goes in for excessive vows and verbiage. He will swear by the sun, the moon, the earth, God or the gods, his heart, his last breath, etc., etc. If you believe him he will pat himself on the back because he is a better liar than he thought he was. The sin is never in the act, *the sin is in being caught*.

(Continued on page 42)

West Dakota College

PROFESSOR STEPHEN M. COREY OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY GIVES TO US THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS ABOUT HIS BRAIN CHILD

- STUDE: You're from West Dakota College? I've never heard of it. Are you a freshman?
- STUDENT: A freshman? What do you mean—a freshman? I'm just a student at West Dakota.
- STUDE: Well—that's funny—a college student and you don't know what a freshman is. He's a first-year student. The second year you are a sophomore, then a junior, then a senior—that is if you pass enough courses. How long have you been at West Dakota?
- STUDENT: Oh, I'm not certain—three or four years. I come and go. I'll work a while, then go to school, then work again. I enjoy it.
- STUDE: How many hours' credit do you have?
- STUDENT: I don't know. Where would I find out? I've not heard of hours' credit before.
- STUDE: Go to your registrar's office. They keep all the records there in big dusty books.
- STUDENT: We don't have any registrar's office. West Dakota is a College, not a filing cabinet.
- STUDENT: Well, I'll be—. You mean they don't keep a record of your grades—whether you pass your courses or not?
- STUDENT: No. What do you mean, pass a course? What's a course?
- STUDE: Why a course is a — well, a course is a course, that's all. Just a course. History, chemistry, French—they're all courses.
- STUDENT: Oh—we don't have the nickname. They're just history and chemistry and French at West Dakota, and we learn about them. But what do you mean by *passing* French? Do you go *by* it?
- STUDE: No, of course not. You pass a course when you answer the questions the professor asks.
- STUDENT: Well, that *is* odd. At West Dakota professors don't ask us questions. We're always asking them. Don't your professors know very much?
- STUDE: Well, I guess they do. You should hear the words they use. I didn't understand anything my European history professor said.
- STUDENT: You must not have learned much. I don't see why you stayed with him a year.
- STUDE: He taught a required course and it was then or some other time—I chose then.
- STUDENT: Required course? Who requires it?
- STUDE: Why, the college. You are required to take thirty-five hours of specific courses for graduation. Don't *you* have to?
- STUDENT: No. I don't know what graduation means. Nothing is required at West Dakota.
- STUDE: Don't you have classes and lectures and grades and commencement?
- STUDENT: No. We study—visit with the professors.
- STUDE: No examinations either?
- STUDENT: No. Well, I take that back. Some of the professors give us examinations, but we certainly have to beg.
- STUDE: Beg! Beg for an examination! Why, you're crazy. Who ever heard of wanting an exam! We've *got* to take them. We hate them.
- STUDENT: We're always pleading for them. We like to know whether we've learned anything.
- STUDE: Well—that beats me! Why want to know that?
- STUDENT: *That's why we go to West Dakota.*
- STUDE: Are there women at West Dakota?
- STUDENT: Of course. Women can learn.
- STUDE: Are they strict with them?
- STUDENT: What do you mean?
- STUDE: Can they date on week nights?
- STUDENT: Why not? They're grown. They can date whenever they want. They do, too.
- STUDE: You mean they can stay out late week nights? Aren't there rules? Isn't there a dean of women who looks after the girls and sees that they behave?
- STUDENT: No. West Dakota is a college—a place to learn. You must be thinking of a juvenile court. Nobody in the college tells the students what to do. The teachers teach and the students study.
- STUDE: But don't they raise Cain—get drunk and break things up?
- STUDENT: Some of them do, now and then. But that hasn't anything to do with the college that I can see. They're put in jail if they get too bad. That's what jails are for; they're different from colleges.
- STUDE: But don't the parents insist that their children be watched over? I'm surprised that there are any students at West Dakota.
- STUDENT: I've never thought of that. I guess if the parents haven't completely weaned their children they send them some other place. They should. West Dakota is a college. Everyone is there to learn. That's what we think a college is for. You can get drunk anywhere. Why go to college?
- STUDE: Well, I guess that's right. We all get drunk though. It helps us forget our classes and dry textbooks.
- STUDENT: Why don't you go away? You must like to suffer if you stay around and then get drunk to forget. Are you flagellants?
- STUDE: Flagellants? What do you mean?
- STUDENT: Never mind. You probably haven't had that course.

(To be continued)

THE BROTHERS TEN

A STORY OF THE MEXICAN EXPERIMENT BY BOSTON THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS

THE "Brothers Ten" by definition were ten theologs with a single idea, that of a Methodist Service Unit in Mexico. This idea was an ugly duckling that was at home in nobody's barnyard. Certainly the idea hasn't grown into a swan. It is still a problem. But it may mean something for the future, and the future is what concerns us.

Ours was an experiment in friendship. It was set up to find ways of turning enemies into friends. When we dedicated our venture we observed that men of our age were going to Africa and the South Pacific to give their lives to keep the kingdoms of earth intact. Our job was kingdom building as well. The kingdom we sought to build was in the hearts of men—so that all could live as brothers. But how can such an overall philosophy be applied? So came the idea!

The idea was brought back in 1942 from Mexico by two theologs, members of the Friends' work camp in Torreon. As soon as they had shaken the dust out of their werachis and hung up their sombreros, they began talking about reconstruction and international work camps. Another theolog, having had three summers in Mexico, was enthusiastic for this type of group.

When reconstruction was discussed, it seemed a nose-on-your-face fact that the theologs in the drafty halls of Boston University were long on theory and short on fact. What was needed was creative ferment and not isolated good will. What was needed was a place to train leadership in reconstruction and not a place to hold more conferences and committees. Caravans and service camps within the United States were being carried on and were the first step—but what was needed was a second step. Mexico with its bitter upward struggle for health, schools, and democracy seemed the most available training ground. So it was Mexico and a service project, but how?

Before the middle of the year wheels were turning. Floyd Shacklock of the Methodist Committee on Overseas Relief visited Boston and said that the Methodist Service Committee needed grist for the

mill. Fifteen men were willing to invest a summer. The Board of Missions became interested when the budget and the group plan were taken to New York. At the Delaware Conference Biez Camargo, Evangelical Leader from Mexico, said, "We can use you." Students chipped in, professors and friends interested in reconstruction and rural missions considered "the grist" a good investment, helped pad out our slender budget. With our purse strings out of the way we were all set—but for what?

After a hat full of letters to our hosts, the Evangelical Seminary in Mexico City, and after ten (Five of the original fifteen could not go.) elbow length Greyhound tickets had been reduced to stubs, we—the Brothers Ten—stood on the muddy banks of the Rio Grande. Across the barrier was Mexico—with its flies and disease, its dizzy mountains and spread of stars, its struggling democracy and its blinding customs, its gentle courtesy and kindly patience. We had come to the barrier.

A MUDDY river is no barrier; it can be bridged with rivets and steel. Our barriers were twisted ideas and hearts. The age-old distrust of the powerful "Gringo," the Zoot suit riots in California and the students marching to the American embassy in Mexico City, the exploited Mexican bled by foreign capital—these are the barriers. Then there was the guard in the Torreon railroad station asking, "Is it true—Mexicans segregated like Negroes in the United States?"—insisting—"Is it true?"

Crossing the Rio Grande we journeyed over the desert southward to Monterrey. From Monterrey we boarded another second class bus and climbed into the mountain cupped city of Saltillo. Here the autonomous Mexican Methodist Church was in conference. We were introduced as "the young men from Boston" and for a week heard E. Stanley Jones, Bishop Ivan Lee Holt, Harris Franklin Rall, and got acquainted with lay and church leaders.

At Saltillo the Brothers Ten called one of their fifty-odd democratic meetings to

order. Juan Diaz, our Mexican leader from the Rural Department of the Union Theological Seminary, outlined the need in the rural mission centers. Three were to go to Gaudalajara, three to Cortazar in the valley, El Pajio, three to Zacatecas beyond Aguascalientes, and the odd man to be at Aguascalientes proper.

Our task, then, was to select men for the separate projects. Recreation, carpentry, and church music were the needs at Cortazar. That added up to Adam Schutz from Long Island, Juan Groves from the corn fields of Iowa, and Harlan Jones from the tall timber of Washington. Zacatecas and beyond drew Wes Matzigkeit—rough carpenter and group leader from Indiana, George Lockwood—two year caravanner from Chicago, Sheldon Stevenson—our movie man and a forester from Syracuse; for their job was rural health, recreation, and reforestation. At Guadalajara work centered in a Bible school, a social center, and rural projects. Jack McCombe, wise in Spanish, speaking and teaching, Ralph Kelley, master puppeteer and craftsman from Pennsylvania and Ira Cruther, also crafts and schooled in sociology from Cleveland were voted to serve there. Wallie Haupt, odd man, from Syracuse, chose social center work and finally was sent to Aguascalientes.

THIS plan broke up our unit of ten men and, in a sense, was of considerable value for our experiment. But more of that a little later. For nearly a month we bobbed from church to church like apples in a tub. Whenever the "Hovenes del Boston" were mentioned, we rose in a body and sang "Abide With Me" in Spanish—our total repertoire. When the Methodist or the Gringos were mentioned we pulled up our basketball trunks and dribbled into the fray. And so we saw Saltillo, Monterrey, and followed the Pan American highway into Mexico City. From Mexico City we visited churches and were "tourista," and then this period of our summer ended.

What had we learned? In the Department of Health we had seen the three-foot, cartoon posters warning and educating the people concerning syphilis, malaria, and tuberculosis. We discussed with Dr. Kellog, agricultural missionary, the vicious food cycle in the Mexican villages. We visited the state agricultural school at Chapingo with its model herds, barns, and chicken coops. Its motto is



"The Brothers Ten." Across the top, left to right, are Wesley Haupt, Harlan Jones, Ralph Kelly, Jack McCombe, and Ira Crowther.

Beginning with the picture on the left and reading down are Sheldon Stephenson, George Lockwood, Wesley Mazigkeit, John Groves, and Adam Schutz.

"We exploit the soil but not man." We went out to Dr. Hatch's concentrated rural mission at Tepotzlan, examined a model house with chimney and shower. We discussed the relation of the Protestant and the Catholic churches with Herberto Sein, Quaker Leader. We supped with Dr. Hauser, and Dr. Davis and they warmed our hearts with American coffee and stories of decades of Mission work. Then we visited the Union Seminary in which they teach, and we shared with the students our thoughts on the Kingdom that bridges nations. Through all this Juan Dias was our faithful interpreter and guide.

So then we detoured by way of the smoking mountain and turned up in our separate work groups.

In Cortazar we found the little tin-roofed, Templo Evangelico, where the rattling stones used to drown out the voice of Miss Mamie Baird, resident missionary. We found that the set pattern for recreation was a "paseo" of guitars, playing cards, and bottles. Using *Handy II* we built game-boards from apple boxes and cracker cartons, taught swimming, folk games, and pioneered for Coca-Cola.

Eight sticky miles away was the land-confiscation village of La Colonia. It possessed no streets, no lights, no chimneys, no showers, and no sanitation. It was a limping bit of democracy. In a village meeting in the school, one of the men said that a community project was impossible because "we cannot trust each other." In this village we dug the first sanitary toilet, put in the first chimney, constructed the first shower out of an empty five gallon oil can, and, besides a multitude of odds and ends, constructed five four-shelved cupboards for the villagers. Each woman paid her four pesos (75 cents) for the boards; we supplied the labor, and the procession homeward was a step toward better living. An open house ended each of our days at La Colonia with the villagers scratching their heads over games and puzzles and shout-

ing over such games as "hot potato," "pass the bottle top," etc.

In the church at Cortazar we spoke each Sunday and carried on classes in church music.

AT Guadalajara the work was specialized around the needs of a city neighborhood. It was under Miss Margrita Wright of the Congregational Board. American tourists were no rarity here, but Americans interested in home-made croquet sets, badminton rackets and nets, horseshoes and group games with an eye toward good sportsmanship were.

Thus the first two weeks were used up at the "House of Good Will" and the second two came along on the heels of the first. During this time Ralph led in the construction of a puppet theater, wrote scripts, taught wide-eyed children how the legs go on puppets and how to pull the strings, and then produced the play for the proud fathers and mothers. In another class Ira taught eighteen varieties of crafts using materials that ranged all the way from macaroni to leather. Jack taught an advanced class in the life of Jesus and lent a hand to the whole group. The rest of the time was spent in teaching and preaching.

In mountain plateaus beyond Aguascalientes lie the villages of Zacatecas, Los Nages, and La Ermita. Here the job was a rural one. If the elemental skills of reconstruction, with community activities on the side, would work when pitted against the suspicion of the people toward the Gringos and Evangelicals, and warped ideas of American—it would be an omen of good. If this situation could be met, it might serve as a pattern for friendly invasions of enemy countries after the war. This is a sample of how it worked.

Two of the Brothers Ten, Wes and George, walked wearily into the isolated village of La Ermita. The villagers stared blankly or in open suspicion. Two weeks later when they left, the town swarmed



November, 1943

Toward Christian Reconstruction

around, hating now to see these strange gringos leave them.

HOW was it done? In the first place, Wes and George set to work. They discovered that no sanitary toilet of any kind existed in town. On inquiry every one agreed that the village school needed one. So, borrowing tools, these strange vacationers began to dig, first with shovels, then through rock and clay with pry-bars. When the hole was finished, forty pound adobes were hauled by burro back and laboriously laid in growing walls. The men who usually haunted the poolhall stood and watched, occasionally helped.

Deserting this back breaking labor at six o'clock, they siested an hour, then taught English classes from seven until eight, had supper, and after supper directed games, played their trumpet and sang until eleven o'clock. This was their day, and it seems the villages will never forget them.

So we came back to the Rio Grande and crossed the barrier—home. But what of the future?

In the final session of the Brothers Ten at Aguascalientes, the question, "How many can you use next summer?" had the answer "fifty." The next question, "Who can you use?"—"We can use Methodist Youth, carefully selected. We will leave that to you in the States." "Projects? Yes, they will be ready when you come."

These were suggested: a rock street through the gumbo quagmire of La Calonia near Cortazar; further work on health and sanitation near Aguascalientes—perhaps fewer babies will die of fly-pest diseases as a direct result; an agricultural project near Mexico City, building beehives and model chicken coops in a handful of rural villages to break the vicious cycle of partial starvation that haunts Mexico because of perpetual cornmeal tortillas and beans; in the villages of the Laguna, Mexico's number one experiment in agricultural democracy near Torreon, work in a model village—repairing homes and putting in a water system. And throughout—between work and after work—recreation.

People qualified are you who can bone

up on basic Spanish, who know how to build with your hands—carpenters especially, who know games and recreation, and who can practice good will in the way that you live. The budget will be close to two hundred dollars per person. Probably half of this can come from people wishing to invest in tomorrow's world.

Then we must ask, what does all this mean? The work camps are creative centers and the job runs deeper than the physical work that they do. The work they do in defeating poverty, disease and death is a way of bringing brotherhood that cannot be misunderstood. Over this bridge of confidence and understanding that comes of down-to-earth cooperation can move the traffic of nations. When societies or states break down or are diseased, there is only one treatment. People must give themselves and with their lives heal the cancer or absorb the infection. This is the challenge that Christianity is facing. At least, this is the philosophy of the Brothers Ten. If we have pioneered a short step we are thankful—The next step? That is up to you.

Service on the Frontiers of Life

A Planning Conference for American Students, Dec. 28-Jan. 3

Winburn T. Thomas

AMERICAN youth is talking today of building a better world. Typical is the voice of a girl just graduated from high school overheard discussing her autumn college plans, "I'm taking lots of 'ec' and nutrition courses so that I can go overseas at the close of the war when lots of people will be needed to help in reconstruction and relief." Some youth are interested in an all-expense European excursion. The adventure element draws others. But there are also many who are motivated by a genuine desire to build a better world, and to alleviate the sorrow and pain which have been visited so heavily upon many parts of Europe and Asia. The passion of our fathers to evangelize the world has taken the form in this generation of doling out soup and teaching better methods of agriculture. The elements of sacrifice and humanitarian good will are no less present, however, than in the age just passed.

The difficulty of planning for such future activities is extremely complicated for the average college boy and girl. There are no maps by which we may chart the direction in which we should move, and if charts existed, we do not know where we are or which way is ahead. We cannot plan for the future without reviewing the course we are traveling, getting a sense of present position, and on the basis of this data seeing what the next immediate moves should be. It is just this strategy which the program committee had in mind in outlining the courses and sessions of the *Planning Conference on the World Mission of the Church*, scheduled for the College of Wooster, Ohio, December 28, 1943 to January 3, 1944.

Program

In a series of plenary sessions, outstanding analysis of world conditions will interpret the current world revolution, describe the Christian resources which are

available for the needs of such a day, recount the impact which these values have made and are making upon civilization, relate the individual Christian to the areas of life in which Christianization is to be effected, trace the way God is working in history through his church, and indicate the contributions which the younger churches are making to the development of a world Christian community. Among the leaders scheduled for these addresses and discussions are: R. H. Edwin Espy, Executive Secretary, Student Division of the YMCA; Kenneth Scott Latourette, Professor, Yale University; Arthur Moshier, Missionary from India; John R. Mott, Christian Ambassador, extraordinary; and Henry Pitt Van Dusen, Professor, Union Theological Seminary.

Seminars

A strategy for the Christian students of America should emerge from the seminars.

Toward Christian Reconstruction

The first of these seminars will study the "foreign" areas of the modern world, China, Latin America, India, Japan, Africa, the Near East, occupied Europe, Russia, and occupied Asia, under the leadership of nationals, missionaries and journalists who will share their knowledge of the lands, and describe the place of the Christian church within the several areas.

In a second seminar division some of the pioneer areas of North American life and culture, the problems of the racial minority groups, defense area developments, conditions surrounding camp communities, and sharecroppers will be treated.

A third set of seminars will consider Christian vocation. While a relatively small per cent of American youth will go abroad in the service of the church, or even into the pioneer fields of North America, all will engage in some form of labor which can be made the means of service to God. The total conference will be divided into sections for a study of the life-work interests of the representatives in a concerted effort to understand the implications of Christian vocation.

The concluding session of each of the three seminars will consist of an Assembly at which the general conclusions of each of the groups will be shared with the conference as a whole. In addition to the closing assembly on vocation, Congressman Walter Judd, a medical missionary with a war record in China, will address the closing evening session of the Conference on the subject "Christian Vocation."

Worship

The daily sessions will be opened by Robert Mackie, secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, leading a period of Bible study and worship. A

period of directed silence under the leadership of James P. Alter, India-born and India-bound and now serving a mountain community in Tennessee, will conclude the work of each day.

Student Participation

Student representatives are helping to plan the conference, they will sit in with the committees which steer the sessions, and will take part in each of the meetings. Students will chair most of the open sessions, and will participate in the forum period following each of the addresses. The seminars will be student discussion groups averaging fifty delegates each. The assemblies will be all or partial student presentations. The final report of the conference, which will be the basic document for regional and local follow-up, will be based on the materials drawn out of the conference by a team of student recorders.

Who May Attend

By virtue of wartime restrictions on travel and entertainment facilities, the Wooster conference necessarily is limited to 500 students and leaders. To the University Commission and the National Intercollegiate Christian Council have been allotted 125 undergraduate student delegates each. These will be chosen by denominations in the case of the University Commission, and by regions in the case of the National Intercollegiate Christian Council. Campus church groups should make delegation suggestions to their denominational headquarters, and Student Christian Associations to their regional headquarters, since responsibility for assigning the allotments falls to these agencies.

Students in Canada and Mexico, foreign students studying in the United States, and theological students have

quotas of their own. Further information can be obtained by addressing the office of the conference, Room 1122, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, New York.

Entertainment

The College of Wooster, Ohio, is acting host to the assembly. The sessions will be conducted in college buildings, and arrangements for room and board during the week of meetings are being made jointly by the administration and the townspeople. The estimated cost is \$21 for the seven days, and an additional \$5 registration fee.

Purpose of the Conference

In this day of world revolution, North American students need to be aware of the constructive contributions being made by the Christian communities at home and abroad. Albert W. Palmer has summarized the situation in a figure of speech, "... missions are a bridge on the highway of world unity." Apathy and indifference towards the values inherent in the Christian movement are the result of ignorance rather than of design.

One of the major outcomes of great student conferences of the past was that hundreds of the delegates caught the vision of world-wide full time Christian service. One of the tests of the effectiveness of the Wooster Conference will be that the concepts that are brought to a focus during the week of meetings will send the representatives not only back to their campuses but ultimately into full-time service on the frontiers of life at home and abroad as professional Christian workers, and many others into secular vocations intent upon serving the world Christian fellowship and the extension of its frontiers from the office, the home, and the shop.

To Be Read

Literature for the Conference on the World Mission of the Church

THE BIBLE

One God, One World: The Bible and Our Expanding Faith
By Clarence Tucker Craig. 50 cents.

VOCATION

God and the Day's Work: Christian Vocation in an Un-Christian World
By Robert L. Calhoun. 50 cents.

WORSHIP

To Glorify God: Worship at the Heart of the World Community
By James N. Nichols, E. Fay Campbell, and James P. Altar. 50 cents.

THE CHURCH

What Is the Church Doing?
By Henry P. Van Dusen.

THE CONFERENCE

American Students and the World's Need (pamphlet)
By Phillips P. Elliot. Free.

FOR STUDY

A Study Outline for Conference Books
By Fern Babcock. Free.

Conference study books are published by the Association Press, 347 Madison Ave., New York City

Shouts AND Murmurs

By the editor

Soviets Get the Shell of Religion

The announcement that the Soviet Government had decided to allow the Holy Orthodox Eastern Catholic and Apostolic Church to reestablish itself in Russia seems to us to have political significance alone. What a magnificent chance there would have been for a new Christian church to have formed itself—a church that would have been as modern as communism in its Russian expression. Twenty years ago Russian protestants with great religious leaders should have been studying the ground plan of Russian Communism, laying the bases for a church that would have met the needs of a modern revolutionary system. Now an antiquated, unrealistic church has been allowed to be resurrected—for what obviously must be Balkan political purposes. Again Stalin has jumped the boat. He considers the new church harmless—and not an obstacle to the government. Pathetically, too, many “established” churches are no obstacle to anything—including corrupt government.

* * *

Hunger for home

In a letter written somewhere in the mid-Pacific, Dick Baker on his way to China wrote: “The crew (of his boat) is—despite the cliché—motley. All have been through tremendous experiences. The Third Engineer has been sunk twice, a sailor I was just talking to went down with his destroyer between Dutch and Pearl Harbors, in addition to falling overboard in the North Pacific in January. I can think of warmer pursuits! All the sailors abroad, i.e. the gun crew—have already traipsed around the ports and bandy their names as if they were talking of Milwaukee or Tucumcari . . . yet I would not call them benevolent internationalists. There is a terrific hunger among them for home and security after they have had their adventure. They want that, too. Indeed, I seem to find a hankering after some battle experience just to break the routine and give us some stories for our grandchildren.”

* * *

One Pillar

When we achieved and the new world dawned, the old men came out again and took from us our victory, and remade it in the likeness of the former world they knew. Youth could win, but had not learned to keep, and was pitifully weak against age. We stammered that we had worked for a new heaven and a new earth, and they thanked us kindly and made their peace.

“Idealists in general, and pacifists in particular, are apt to talk about *the future* as if futurity were an end in itself. Obviously the future will be no better than the present unless we can learn from the mistakes of the past what its pattern should be.

—T. E. Lawrence in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*

* * *

Harmony by commission

Illinois is making a gesture, at least, on the race question. A commission of fourteen members has been appointed by Governor Dwight Green to promote better race relations in the state. A long-term survey of interracial problems is one of the first items of business. The Governor in appointing the seven whites and seven negroes said: “I am asking them to investigate every phase of a difficult problem—housing, employment, etc., to suggest measures and policies, not merely to prevent disturbances in our state but to seek lasting improvement and a better mutual understanding among our people.” California and Michigan governors please copy!

* * *

Our esteemed contemporary

Volume 61, Number 1, of *The Intercollegian* is a new magazine in format. Thinner to meet the paper requirement, its first eight pages are taken up with brief discussions of the Jewish dilemma, the negro problem, the Japanese-American situation and the Zoot Suit mess in Los Angeles. The remaining eight pages is a miscellany with (among other things) news of the Y.M. and Y.W. and suggestions for the World Student Service Fund. The material in the magazine seems to us to be streamlined to the modern tempo (which means that it can be read even in the midst of the contemporary rush).

* * *

R. H. Edwin Espy

Long before we knew Edwin Espy as the Executive Secretary of The Student Volunteer Movement, we used to think that the initials R. H. stood for “Right Honorable.” Now, after some years of closer contact, we know that we were right. And for that reason we regretted to see him leave his position in the SVM. It is no secret that the SVM is a different organization now because of his work—in fact, the SVM has become a reality on the campus in this student generation because of him. *Motive* salutes him and wishes him Godspeed in his new job as executive head of the Student Christian Movement.

* * *

SVM

Winburn Thomas comes to the SVM as Executive Secretary from a background in Japan. He has a Ph.D. from Yale and

is a member of the Oklahoma Bar Association.

* * *

A Personal

We have discontinued our Personals Column. But the following contribution seemed to us too real to cast out. We shall be glad to forward any letters sent to us.

An American boy of Japanese ancestry now in relocation center (a camp) wishes to correspond with anyone interested in Japanese-American problems, student relocation, education, art, music or books. Clippings will be appreciated re Japanese-American relocation camps, W. R. D. personalities, and any items dealing with Americans of Japanese Ancestry.

I have nothing to offer but my friendship in exchange.

All correspondence appreciated, even girls of any nationality, write on any subject. Just for the sake of making friends only!!

* * *

A Planning Conference for Youth

Time, the Luce weekly news magazine (a la *Time*) announced a few weeks ago that the Youth Commission of the Episcopal Church has cabled Archbishop Temple urging him to “initiate plans for a world conference of Christian youth” similar to the one at Amsterdam in 1939, to be held at the earliest possible moment after hostilities cease. *Time* missed the boat in this news. This summer the United Christian Youth Movement meeting at Lake Geneva recommended to its administrative committee that a Second World Conference of Christian Youth be held as soon after the war as possible, and also that organizational plans be set up for a hemisphere conference of Christian youth. The Presbyterian Westminster Fellowship Consultation was held in connection with the Geneva meeting and approved this recommendation. The Episcopalians are in line!

This all prompts us to second these recommendations. If world conferences on relief and food are in order (and who would say they weren't?) is it not sensible that the Christian youth of the world get together to declare their faith, assert their concern for the “way of the world,” and map their strategy? The time for such a conference in this hemisphere is now. As soon as hostilities cease the world conference is in order. Plans for it should be made now.

* * *

Miracle?

If the report is true that the Soviet Government has exempted German Mennonites, inhabitants of the autonomous Volga Republic, from military service, then we have the evidence of a modern miracle. Exemption from military service is an unknown thing in the Soviet Republic. No one, according to reports, has requested it. That the Government should extend this democratic privilege to its newly organized territory is both heartening and amazing.

Autumn--and a Time for Books

THE world, 1943, and autumn of that year is crowded with war. It is only natural, therefore, that the books which men write should be largely on the war. But the flood of books by foreign correspondents is at its height, and taken at its height, is much too much. In this preview of the new books, therefore, we shall omit most of the books on the war. They are reading for the moment. We have decided to pick out the general books which will have more enduring values and which may furnish most of us with the reading that gives a sense of permanence in the midst of this crisis year.

Before we launch into our journey among the publishers, we would like to give the sources of our information. We read *Publishers' Weekly* regularly and from it we get the blurbs of the men who advertise books. They are second only to the wild enthusiasms of Hollywood publicity agents. Each publisher has the book of the year—no less—it's just up to us to be wise enough to discover it.

We follow devotedly *The Saturday Review of Literature* for staid judgment and cautious comment. The *New York Times Book Review* has a Fall Book Guide which does influence our choice. And from all of these we select a list of books that seem to us worth noticing in any year.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY:

The Memoirs of a Superfluous Man by Albert J. Nock (Harper).

Nock is not well-known to most of us. But when he set the tone and critical judgment of the old liberal *Freeman* he was a name to set students' blood atingle. *Connecticut Yankee* by Wilbur Cross (Yale).

A Yale University professor who has broken the confines of class room and study to be four times governor of Connecticut must have a life to record. Furthermore, how wise to have this authority on Fielding in the chair of reminiscence! *Persons and Places: The Background of My Life* by George Santayana (Scribner).

The Last Puritan comes to life in his own right. Excellent critic and philosopher. *With a Dutch Accent* by David Cornell de Jong (Harper).

This is an unknown to us—but it sounds interesting. Born in Holland, this novelist became an American.

Missionary Doctor by Mary Cushman (Harper).

A doctor who went to Africa as a missionary at the age of fifty.

BIOGRAPHY:

V. J. Lenin (Anonymous) (International Publishers).

The thirty years of the Russian leader's political life highlighted.

Walt Whitman: An American by Henry Seidel Canby (Houghton, Mifflin).

This ought to be a winner—if you like Whitman and America, for it treats the creative side of the poet in America.

Hitler's Rise to Power by Konrad Heiden (Houghton, Mifflin).

An authoritative study of a transformed paper hanger by the author of *History of National Socialism*.

Maxim Litvinoff by Arthur Upham Pope (Fisher Publishing Company).

A good writer on a great man.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton by Maisie Ward (Sheed and Ward).

About the great literary personality who became a Catholic.

Henry Adams by R. P. Blackmur (Harcourt, Brace).

The parts of Adams' life not dealt with in *The Education*.

NOVELS:

One man's guess is as good as another. But note:

The Walsh Girls by Elizabeth Janeway (Doubleday, Doran).

Arrival and Departure by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan).

No Safe Harbor by Katherine Anne Porter (Harcourt, Brace).

Hedge Against the Sun by Barbara Bentley (Dodd, Mead) (Intercollegiate Literary Fellowship Award).

The Promise by Pearl S. Buck (John Day).

None But the Lonely Heart by Richard Llewellyn (Macmillan). Remember *How Green Was My Valley*?

DEMOCRACY AND AMERICA:

The Republic by Charles A. Beard (Viking).

Dialogues on the nature of the American republic.

The American: The Making of a New Man by James Truslow Adams (Scribners).

How the facts of American history have molded our character.

The Growth of American Thought by Merle Curti (Harper).

Intellectual history of America.

RACE:

Brown Americans by Edwin R. Embree (Viking).

A revision of the earlier book.

Characteristics of the American Negro by Otto Klineberg (Harper).

Results of scientific studies.

The Race Question and the Negro by John H. LaFarge, S.J. (Longmans, Green).

An American Dilemma by Gunnar Myrdal (Harper).

The Negro problem and democracy.

Race and Rumors of Race by Howard W. Odum (University of North Carolina).

ECONOMICS AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS:

Soviet Planning and Labor by Maurice Dobb (International Publishers).

Study of the Soviet economic system.

Roots in the Earth: The Small Farmer Looks Ahead by Alston Waring and Walter Teller (Harper).

ARTS AND LETTERS:

The Story of Painting by Thomas Craven (Simon and Schuster).

Introduction to the appreciation of art. *What Is Music?* by John Erskine (Lippencott).

Music in the life of man.

Thesaurus of the Arts by Albert Wier (Putnam).

Reference book on arts.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION:

The Glory of God by Georgia Harkness (Abingdon-Cokesbury).

Book of poems and prayers.

Books by Craig, Calhoun, Kierkegaard, Knudson, and Latourette are on the list in this field.

JUST FOR GOOD MEASURE:

Pictorial History of the Movies (Simon and Schuster).

400 pages of it!

Cooking without Cans (Smith and Durrell).

What it says it is!

The Making of Modern China by Owen and Eleanor Lattimore (Norton).

Surveys twenty centuries of Chinese history.

"Easy-to-Listen-to" Classics

Warren Steinkraus

THE difference between some works of symphonic character is as great as the difference between works of literature. Steinbeck's *The Moon Is Down* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* are both examples of good literature, but certainly they are not the same kind of good literature. The "Carnival of Animals" of Saint-Saens and the "Rasoumowsky" Quartet No. 8 of Beethoven illustrate good music, but again, they are not the same kind of good music. All of the arts seem to have such differences in character, yet many persons are prone to class music as popular or classical, not realizing that there are wide differences in quality and kind in each division.

It is well to remember that because some music is "heavy," or more difficult to enjoy than other music, it is not necessarily better music, though this is often true. The so-called "light" music is not only worthwhile, but can be enjoyed on first hearing if a reasonable amount of attention is given it. We shall endeavor, then, to classify selections according to their probable ease in appreciation and enjoyment. In the long run, the interested individual may achieve most pleasure out of those works which once seemed to him most formidable.

We shall proceed by suggesting and illustrating music whose beauty is apparent at once, music which requires a minimum of technical knowledge, and yet, music which is thoroughly enjoyable.

The delightful waltzes of Johann Strauss are good examples of this, and their wide-spread popularity make them a good point of departure. It is well to proceed from them to the same composer's "Overture" to *Die Fledermaus*, which has much of the same spirit seen in the waltzes plus more coloring and variety. Perhaps on the same plane as this are the two equally enjoyable overtures of Von Suppé, the "Light Cavalry Overture" and the "Poet and Peasant Overture."

Camille Saint-Saens, the nineteenth century French composer, has also written some music of this easy-to-listen-to character. Though his somber cello concerto is not of this type, his pleasant "Carnival of Animals" and "Danse Macabre" are. For a "dance of death," this last work is surprisingly full of life.

Orchestral excerpts from operas are likewise a "congenial" kind of music,

notably the overtures to Rossini's *William Tell* and *Barber of Seville*, or the "Suite" from *Carmen* by Bizet. Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours" from *La Gioconda*, portrayed so outstandingly in *FANTASIA*, also deserves a place in the neophytic music lover's attention. And we must not forget some of Wagner's music. His Prelude to the Third Act of *Lobengrin* is a boisterous work, easy to follow, and invigorating. It is not well to take too large a dose of Wagner at first, however, for some of it may prove disconcerting.

Though there is much in the music of Liszt which is over-showy, the attentive person will certainly enjoy his "Hungarian Rhapsody" No. 2. Its tonal and rhythmical effects are unforgettable. Tschiaikowsky, as well as Liszt, deserves a place in this listing. His "Marche Slave" and "1812 Overture," though somewhat alike, and by no means his best works, are quite captivating. Few have missed his significant "Nutcracker Suite." There are several beauty spots in it, however, which many have yet to discover. Approaching the more representative Tschiaikowsky spirit, we have the charming "Romeo and Juliet Overture," which has a vivid emotional impact, and is only a step from the sparkling satisfaction one

- "Heavy" or "difficult" music is not always the best quality music.
- The delightful waltzes of Johann Strauss are light classical and enjoy a wide-spread popularity. Von Suppé's "Light Cavalry Overture" and "Poet and Peasant Overture" are also in this class.
- For a dance of death, Camille Saint-Saens's "Danse Macabre" is surprisingly full of life.

experiences in his Fourth Symphony.

Contemporary composers, although specializing in widely varying fields, have turned out works which are readily enjoyed. Serge Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" has become a favorite with children. Jan Sibelius' "Valse Triste" and "Finlandia" represent different moods, and are deserving of consideration. In fact, most Methodist youth have sung the main theme from "Finlandia" as a hymn, unconscious of the great orchestral work from which it came. It appears on page 73 of *The Methodist Hymnal*.

These, then, are the compositions which, through experience and experiment, I have found to be most easily and readily enjoyed. When one has attained an appreciation of them he is well on his way to limitless pleasure in the realms of music.

NEW RECORDS

BEETHOVEN: Trio No. 7 in B flat major. Victor Album DM-949. Rubenstein, Heifetz, and Feuermann.

MILHAUD: Suite Provencale. Victor Album DM-951. St. Louis Symphony, V. Golschmann, Conductor.

LALO: Overture from "Le Roi D'ys." Victor Record No. 11-8489. San Francisco Symphony, Pierre Monteux.

RICHARD CROOKS singing Franck's "Panis." "Angelicus" and Massenet's "Elegie." Victor Record No. 11-8490.

BOSTON "POPS" ORCHESTRA playing Strauss's "Tritsch-Tratsch Polka" and Del Castillo's "Cuckoo Clock."

COMMENTS: The Beethoven Trio will probably be of most interest to the lovers of Chamber Music while the Milhaud

work will have a more general appeal. Suite Provencale was recently played by the New York Philharmonic on their Sunday afternoon concert series and was well received. Lalo's Overture to "Le Roi D'ys" is colorful, and well interpreted by Monteux, a fellow countryman of Lalo. It is not outstanding music but provides enjoyable listening. The recordings by Richard Crooks and the Boston "Pops" orchestra are both so well known that they need no endorsement here.

"POPULAR" RECORDS

Rhapsody in Blue—F.T.; Along the Santa Fe Trail—F.T. (Victor 20-1529) GLENN MILLER and his orchestra. Bim Bam Bum—Guaracha, from "You Were Never Lovelier"; Thanks for the Dream—Beguine (Columbia 36681) XAVIER CUGAT and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra.

MUSIC BRIEFS

Something new and challengingly different among record catalogues has just been released by RCA Victor. Entitled "The Music America Loves Best," it is a handsomely and ingeniously presented listing of Victor and Bluebird recordings of the most popular music in America today, from folksongs to symphonies and concertos, and from boogie-woogie to swing—the most popular tunes and compositions of the best-liked composers, and the most popular performances of the best-liked artists. The catalogue has been called "a 500-page holiday for music lovers of all tastes."

"Gateways to Music," music series of Columbia's "American School of the Air," began its season October 12, and will continue each Tuesday, except in school vacation periods, through April 25. (CBS, 9:15 to 9:45 A.M., EWT; 2:30 to 3:00 P.M., CWT; 9:30 to 10:00 A.M., MWT; 1:30 to 2:00 P.M., PWT.) This comprehensive music appreciation series is presented in cooperation with the Music Educators National Conference, representing 46,000 music teachers, and deals with most phases of music. The Columbia Concert Orchestra is heard on each of the programs.

YOUR RECORD COLLECTION

For the convenience of those readers interested in purchasing records of the works mentioned above, or for those who should like to listen to the recordings in

stores, we list here both the Victor and Columbia Catalogue numbers, realizing how difficult it is to discriminate between the fine recordings of both concerns.

Composition	Composer	Victor	Columbia
Overture to "Die Fledermaus"	J. Strauss	8651	9080-M
Light Cavalry Overture	Von Suppé	11837	none
Poet and Peasant Overture	Von Suppé	11986	9075-M
The Carnival of Animals	Saint-Saens	Alb.M-71	none
Danse Macabre	Saint-Saens	14162	11251-D
William Tell Overture	Rossini	Alb.M-456	Set X-60
Barber of Seville Overture	Rossini	7255	70704-D
Dance of the Hours	Ponchielli	11833	11621-D
Prelude 3rd Act Lohengrin	Wagner	14007	11644-D
Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2	Liszt	14422	11646-D
Marche Slave	Tschiakowsky	12006	11567-D
1812 Overture	Tschiakowsky	Alb.M-515	Set X-205
Nutcracker Suite	Tschiakowsky	Alb.M-265	Set M-395
Romeo and Juliet Overture	Tschiakowsky	Alb.M-347	Set M-478
Carmen Suite	Bizet	Note cat.	Set X-144
Peter and the Wolf	Prokofieff	Alb.M-566	Set M-477
Valse Triste	Sibelius	14726	71306-D
Finlandia	Sibelius	7412	11178-D

leisure

She Shall Make Music

J. Oleutt Sanders

OUR text comes from Mother Goose—the rhyme about the Banbury-Cross-bound equestrienne,

With rings on her fingers and bells
on her toes,
She shall make music wherever she
goes.

Music is certainly the most public art. Almost anybody will tackle music without formal training. Unlike painting, sculpture, drama, writing poetry, or any other such display of artistic creation, music is for the multitudes, even the bashful multitudes. True, some write poetry or mime in front of the bedroom mirror or dance a bit down the back hall, but most persons won't admit it. On the other hand, music is at once personal and social. If no other way, most persons will sing along with a crowd, confident that their own efforts will be lost in the mass.

Then too, music springs so easily from prosaic life. Singing is only a step from

speaking; in fact, a recent magazine article suggests that public speakers like Roosevelt actually do sing every word, sustaining and gradating each syllable. Baby prattling, humming, and whistling never need to be taught, or so it seems. Even instrumental music rises with little difficulty from the sounds of objects about us—the clinking of water glasses, the drumming with fingers on a table top, the blowing in a bottle or a cut reed, the twang of a taut string.

To build beyond everyday experience and ordinary enterprises, one might begin with rhythm instruments. Members of the Play Co-op in New York City have had real fun with a rhythm band, the likes of which almost every one has known in the primary grades, except that a more mature group can achieve more intricate effects. This presumes, of course, that one can become mature without getting so many inhibitions that creativity is stifled.

A large part of the pleasure of rhythm instruments comes in experimenting with

- Unlike painting, sculpture, drama, and other forms of art, music is for the bashful multitudes.
- Home-made music can begin with the simple tapping of fingers.
- Put everything musical on the campus into one group (don't forget the washboard) and you have an old-fashioned "jug band."

new materials and new designs. In his book, *Drums, Tomtoms and Rattles* (Barnes, \$2.50), Bernard S. Mason suggests a variety of drum frames ranging from packing boxes through mixing bowls to coffee cans. And for drumheads, though rawhide (see your music store scrap pile) is best, Mason suggests also paper, cloth, and inner-tube rubber. Satis Coleman, in *Creative Music in the Home* (John Day), also gives detailed instructions for making various instruments.

Another rhythmic joy comes from exploring more intricate patterns than the

simple ones we generally know. You probably have little idea of how complicated and exciting cross-rhythms can be unless you have heard a group like Shan-Kar's musicians from India (they have made an album of records for Victor). The Latin-American rhythms are distinctive, too, and call for out-of-the-ordinary instruments. Equipped with maracas and an album of Xavier Cugat records, you can spend many relatively quiet and unqualifiedly delightful evenings at home.

Besides all these formal and semi-formal rhythm instruments, however, you should never be at a loss for tapping out "pitter-patterns" on whatever surfaces present themselves. The great Spanish dancer and castanet artist, Escudero, captivated audiences with encores performed with fingertips rapping on a wooden chair bottom.

AFTER beating around or a while, everybody comes up against the fact of varying pitches. A friend of mine noticed the difference in pitch of a vinegar bottle and a vase on his childhood dinner table; the next meal someone used enough vinegar to lower the pitch a semitone, and that inspired him to a persisting hobby of playing musical glasses. He recommends steel nut picks for tapping, one in each hand for two-part harmony.

Again here is a chance to experiment with many timbers or tone qualities. Matching shells for a musical scale can be as challenging a hunt as matching pearls for a necklace. Also there are bottles, metal bars, hardwoods, bells, and on down a long list.

Someday you will blow into one bottle and then into another; that is all that will be necessary to set you off on matching bottles. The thin tubes like the ones small amounts of perfume come in are

easiest to handle in number. The Roumanian Gypsy and the Peruvian Indian play Pan's pipes made from sets of reeds bound as a continuous scale. Southern Negroes in slavery days played on quills, or cane pipes, using from three to seven notes, the smaller numbers being supplemented with one sung tone. If you are interested in the high achievement possible on a Pan's pipe, listen to the recordings by Georges Stefanescu as he plays his Roumanian nai; it is positively thrilling (Decca album A-119).

The example of Stefanescu notwithstanding, the beginner will probably find a single tube more flexible than a whole handful. Of course, this means holes to shorten the length of the vibrating column of air. In other words, we recommend your trying a shepherd's pipe (see the *Kit* published by the Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio, 25 cents). A cork, a section of bamboo from an old fishing pole, a rat tail file, a small saw, and a knife will meet all your fundamental needs, though a small brace and bit will prove helpful, too. For ensemble playing the pipes can be made in several sizes.

WHEN you were tapping around about four paragraphs back, you probably did not try plucking strings of different length and thickness and stretched to different degrees of tightness. Well, why don't you? One of the most elementary stringed instruments I have ever seen was included in a square dance band from El Paso, Texas; its sound box was a wash tub turned upside down (but with one edge propped slightly off the floor). On what would normally be the bottom rim was hinged a section of broom handle, projecting upward. The string (borrowed from a bass fiddle) was stretched between the upper end of

the handle and a rivet fixed in the center of the tub bottom. The pitch was varied by pulling back on the handle with one hand while the string was plucked with the other. Once more, the possibilities for sound boxes are many; I have seen cigar box fiddles and gourd fiddles.

Besides all these homemade instruments there are many simple ones that can be bought—sweet potato (or ocarina), which has a history dating back to the pre-Columbian Indians; recorder, popular in Europe for Centuries, and the next step beyond a shepherd's pipe; tonette, a modern version of the shepherd's pipe; harmonica; guitar and the other plucked instruments. Put everything you have on the campus into one musical group, preferably as miscellaneous as the ingredients of tonight's meat loaf, not forgetting a washboard to strum, and you will have an old-fashioned "jug band." Spectators can easily be drawn in to hum through tissue paper and a comb.

Mention of humming brings us to the human instrument. The vocal chords and lips regulate an ever available column of air for humming, whistling, and singing. Singing is a big enough topic for separate treatment, but the other two are neglected often enough to call for mention here. In fact, this article grew from a friend's report of a whistling chorus organized recently by a group of men; they even performed the second movement of the Haydn "Surprise Symphony." Another opportunity for whistling is in providing the descant for group singing, especially when the boys outnumber the girls. Unusually good individual whistlers might even be able to perform flute-like obligatos for light singing. As for humming—groups like to harmonize; try humming more to concentrate on harmonies.

Among Current Films

For Whom the Bell Tolls (Par.) is a super-elaborate affair, for which some millions of dollars, about two years' time, plus reams of publicity in the newspapers were spent. What comes out is spectacular, indeed, with rich color and skies full of beautiful mountain scenery. And there are isolated spots of exciting action, plus some good performances, particularly by character actors. But there the money's worth seems to end; for the story moves off through some three hours of talk, talk, talk—and the core of what is happening never quite shows through. You see some people in the mountains to blow up a bridge, but unless you have read a great deal about the Spanish Civil War, or the book upon which the film is based, you probably will not get the idea that these people are fighting for an ideal, not just to kill someone on the other side, and that all this is part of a world struggle against fascism. The fascists are even called "nationalists." In fact, you will have to watch close to find which side the featured group is on, and there is no indication as to what that

side signifies. Reports have it that fear of offending partisans in this country of the fascist Franco, or perhaps the Catholic Church, were responsible for the vagueness which has resulted. *Spectacular, over-long, hesitant in motivation.* (Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou, Akim Tamaroff.)

Victory Through Air Power (Disney) should be seen as a remarkable demonstration of the *power and effectiveness* of the cartoon as a teaching device. It is concerned with propagandizing Major De Seversky's contention that super air power alone can defeat the enemy, and admits few other factors into consideration. What is most *frightening* about it, however, is its utter disregard for any moral or humanizing consideration as the bombs fall—an attitude which is perhaps realistic but revolting to witness in its baldness.

Watch on the Rhine (War.) is the most effective preachment against fascism, and the most artistic, the screen has yet attempted—far more convincing than any number of films crying hatred of the enemy or praise for heroic deeds.

For it goes to the heart of what all the shooting is about, seeking to show that the fight is against human aggrandizement where it is to be found. It shows a German anti-Nazi, hounded by the Gestapo yet never relenting in his efforts to fight against the cruelty and injustice he sees behind him. He comes to America to bring his family to his wife's home, where they may find safety. But human greed pursues him even there through a blackmailing aristocrat being entertained in his wife's home, and he must put his present comfort behind him to return to the underground work in Europe. The film is soberly, sensitively done; it is unsparing in its picture of one who clings to his ideals even though they do not pay. The leading character, admirably played by Paul Lukas, is a man driven desperately by his ideals—a portrait you will long remember. It is valuable today, although it is set in 1940, because it suggests that the battle against human perfidy and the evils of one group's using another for its own benefit will not be necessarily won when Hitler is dethroned. *Moving, convincing.* (George Coularis, Bette Davis, Paul Lukas, Lucille Watson.)

Interesting--But True?

Margaret Frakes

THE warning in fine print that appears on practically every motion picture title page telling us that any resemblance to real persons or events is purely coincidental may free the producers from legal action, but chances are the average movie-goer never notices it. When the events shown are based on real-life happenings or people, some members of the audience are likely to be misled, and form entirely mistaken ideas of current happenings. The answer is that it behooves us to ask ourselves "Is that true?" and match what is shown on the screen with the best available facts.

In an interview with a feature writer for the New York Times, Lt. Eunice Hatchitt, who served as a nurse on Bataan and later as adviser for *SO PROUDLY WE HAIL*, points out that the scenes in that film which show the nurses at work under fire and siege are authentic, while the spectacular suicide of one nurse to save the others and the emotional wrecking of the nurses as shown in the shipboard scenes were pure melodramatic fiction. Perhaps it is more than coincidence that the latter scenes seem forced and artificial, "Hollywood" in the extreme, while the former are moving and convincing. Proof that fictional accounts of well-known happenings can be impressive and exciting without the addition of phony, dreamed-up details is to be had by the existence of a film like *WAKE ISLAND*. And for an example of a film that deals memorably with the issues beneath the conflict yet is pure fiction we have only to note the current *WATCH ON THE RHINE*.

By all means let us continue to have movies based on current happenings, but let us hope that the fiction presented as fact will be carefully checked so that no harm will be done to any person or group or idea. Our share in the responsibility is to check what we see with what has been proved and not to be misled by misinformation.

Now, when so many movies have come to deal with current or very recent events as theme or background, we need to ask this question even more often. We are encouraged to see this increased attention of the movies to real-life problems; for a long time it looked as if they would never have the courage to face them. We

can only hope that when the war is over they will be as ready to speak out against evils at home as of late they have been speaking out against evils abroad. Still the danger persists that in presenting films based on happenings well known to everyone, the movies will represent fiction or popular prejudices as fact and harm the very cause they are trying to help.

In *Mission to Moscow*, for instance, Warner Brothers had a laudable purpose: to increase our understanding and appreciation of the Soviet Union in its struggle against German attack. But in carrying out that purpose, they overshot the mark. Political maneuverings of the Soviet Union in the past were whitewashed; it was indicated that Russia was for the democracies all along and was alone in understanding the menace of Nazism. Thus by trying too hard it really provided ammunition for the other side, which would now maintain, using the film as example, that all favorable opinion about Soviet intentions is unjustified. In view of the very present need for better understanding of Russia as an ally—a realistic understanding—this overdoing of the job is particularly regrettable.

Certain situations in *AIR FORCE*, technically one of the best of the combat films made thus far, are helping exploit popular prejudices and fears about the Japanese-American minority in this country and Hawaii—prejudices already heated white hot by rumor and invective. The film is a tribute to the crew of a Flying Fortress in the Pacific war. In the portion dealing with the attack on Hawaii, it is indicated that "local Japs" were responsible for the disaster; Japanese-American truck drivers are said to have driven their trucks down the length of Hickham Field, cutting off the tails of the planes so they could not take off; the sister of one flyer is wounded by a "local Jap" and later dies. In the section set in the Philippines, other "local Japs" attack the grounded plane.

Such sabotage, as you know, was rumored after Pearl Harbor, but authorities in Hawaii, including the governor, the chief of police in Honolulu and FBI agents came out soon with statements that the rumors were false, and stated

- With an increase in the number of movies based on current events, theater-goers need be more critical to distinguish fiction from actual occurrences.
- Popular prejudices against the Japanese-Americans were exploited by *AIR FORCE*. A Presbyterian missionary protests to the Hays Office and O.W.I.
- Parts of *SO PROUDLY WE HAIL* were authentic, but the spectacular suicide of one nurse was pure melodramatic fiction.

furthermore that not one case of sabotage by Japanese-Americans had occurred on December 7 or later. Moreover, a book published after that date recounts the rumors, then proves them to have been ungrounded. So it does seem as if the facts were there for the excellently staffed research departments of the studios to check before the film was launched.

Mr. Winburn Thomas, widely known Presbyterian missionary, was disturbed at the way the film fanned prejudice in a manner to hinder the efforts of loyal Japanese in this country to regain the confidence of their fellow Americans. He queried Warners and received the reply that the studio depended on the War Department for information used in the film. The Hays Office told Mr. Thomas they depended on the O.W.I. to check such matters. An inquiry to the latter headquarters brought this reply: "While this bureau shares to some extent your objection to the manner in which Japanese-Americans are represented in the picture, the government has no authority enabling it to take any action in the matter." Which, it would seem, throws the responsibility right back at the door of the producers who were willing to exploit prejudices and rumors for thrills. Meanwhile, the damage has been done, and countless thousands who see this exciting film will come away believing that all Japanese-Americans are saboteurs. And the fortunes of a minority of American citizens, most of them proven beyond a doubt to be loyal, trying hard to win back their rightful place in American democracy, will be just that much harder.

A forthcoming film set at Texas A and M College, also, we understand, exploits the same prejudice, painting Japanese-American students as spies who later became saboteurs.

SLIGHTLY different is the case of other films in which a fictional story has been built around a current event: *FIVE GRAVES TO CAIRO*, or *THEY CAME TO BLOW UP AMERICA*, or *APPOINTMENT IN BERLIN*. The first features General

Rommel as villain and presents an exciting but of course unsubstantiated account of how his drive into Egypt came to be stopped; the second imagines that one of the NAZI saboteurs who were captured on landing on American shores from a U-boat was really an FBI agent. The third likewise surmises that a "Lord Haw Haw" was really a self-sacrificing British spy. All these situations are productive of legitimate thrills and drama, and might

or might not have been true. None of these, however, could possibly be injurious to our relations with another nation or to the attitude which might be created toward a group of our own people, and can be checked off as exciting propositions based on real happenings. (Some of the advertising for *FIVE GRAVES*, however, did violate honesty when it announced that here, for the first time, was the real story of the Rommel defeat.)

radio

Whose Radio?

- With 916 radio stations broadcasting about 65,000 fifteen-minute programs daily, the ether carries great power for good or evil.
- Supported by advertising, the radio is reluctant to permit discussion of things which might undermine the status quo.
- Who controls the radio in America? the networks? the Federal Communications Commission? the advertisers? the people?

OUT from the 916 radio stations scattered throughout the United States go some 65,000 fifteen-minute periods of "program" daily. Think of that a moment, and you begin to grasp some idea of the potential power resident in those 916 stations. "Who owns the radio owns the nation" was the watchword of Nazi propagandists in Germany who as soon as they came to power seized upon the radio as the ideal means of getting every man and woman, every child, to think as they wished them to think. Soon every school room was equipped with a loud speaker, and the indoctrination of all Germany with the tenets of national socialism went on apace—with what results the world was soon to see.

Who owns the radio in America? We hear frequently that we have a free radio in contrast with many other nations, including Great Britain, in which broadcasting is considered a government function like the post office. This means that here radio is the province of "free enterprise." Radio stations are owned by private concerns, often by a newspaper, an institution like a college or a church, or by an ordinary corporation. The great networks are also private affairs. And through their control of patents essential to broadcasting, certain great outside corporations—like Radio Corporation of America, or, through its control of tele-

phone patents used in transmitting long distance broadcasts for the networks, American Telephone and Telegraph—wield considerable influence. In this, radio is like the motion picture, for similar ownership exists through patents on devices used in recording sound films.

The question of ownership is thus an involved and obscure one. In a certain valuable sense, however, the people who listen to radio programs have the final

word as to policy—since American programs are chiefly paid for by advertisers, and advertisers will continue booking only those programs which show a high percentage of audience approval.

Another means the American public has of influencing what goes on over the air is through the Federal Communications Commission, brought into existence in the Communications Act of Congress of 1934. Because the radio spectrum is

SPOT ANNOUNCEMENTS

An example of a program definitely and bravely "in the public interest" was the "open letter" broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System immediately following the race riot in Detroit. It did not mince words, nor assign the cause of the trouble to Axis agents. It pointed out documented reasons; it scored the mass cowardice and intolerance which permitted such a disgraceful orgy to come to pass. Closing with an eloquent plea by Wendell Willkie for tolerance, it was a strong argument for a special kind of freedom—freedom from prejudice and injustice. Again, New York radio stations played their part in quelling the race riot that threatened not long after in Harlem. At 1:00 A.M., there were special appeals for sanity by Mayor LaGuardia and Harlem leaders over one of the most powerful stations. At 7:30 there were reports and speeches, special lines having been extended to the Harlem police headquarters by the radio companies. Eight stations carried another report by the mayor at 9:45, and again at 10:25 in the evening. The speed and efficiency with which an emergency was handled by the co-ordi-

nated radio service for New York City was an encouraging sign that red tape *can* be cut through and a real service provided by various stations working in a common cause.

The *News Letter* of the Bureau of Educational Research, Ohio State University, recently listed these references for those interested in developing an understanding and appreciation of radio as an educative medium: 1. (books on writing and production): *Handbook of Radio Writing*, by Erik Barnouw; *Production and Direction of Radio Programs*, by John S. Carlile; *Radio Directing*, by Earle McGill; *How To Write for Radio*, by James Whipple; *Radio Writing*, by Max Wylie 2. (books and pamphlets on development of radio policies and practices): *Not To Be Broadcast*, by Ruth Brindze; *Radio in Wartime*, by Sherman Dryer; *Educational and Social Significance of Radio*; *Broadcasting and the Public*, a report by the Federal Council of Churches; *All Children Listen*, by Dorothy Gordon; *Who, What and Why Is Radio?* by Robert J. Landry; *Radio and the Printed Page*, by Paul F. Lazarsfeld.

conceived of as the property of the people—like roads and waterways—and since any given station must operate on only a given radio frequency in order to avoid eternal chaos, the appointive Commission was empowered to “license” a station to operate on a given frequency. Such licensing gives the station the right to operate “in the public interest, convenience and/or necessity” for a period varying from one to three years. If it continues to operate “in the public interest” it may expect continuing renewals; if not, the Commission can refuse to renew the license.

The powers of the Commission have not been clearly defined, but a system of demands have grown up which it usually requires stations to meet before they can continue their stewardship of a particular radio frequency. Technical operating standards must be first-rate; evidence must be provided of financial abil-

ity to maintain proper program standards; stations must identify themselves frequently; transcribed material must be noted as such. In practice, too, the Commission has gone into the existence of monopoly, as when the National Broadcasting Company was forced to split up into different networks.

DESPITE the fact that radio in this country is technically a private affair, it is important that we do not forget that public ownership of the air itself is recognized by the government, and that the broadcasters are “stewards” only, continuing only so long as they serve the public interest. When the networks refused, for instance, to sell time early this year to the Cooperative League for a series which would dramatize the Cooperative economic way (influenced no doubt by protests from big national advertisers whose power that way threatens), it was the protests of thousands of

Americans to the networks and the Commission which reversed that refusal. The Commission as an agency of the public could well look into all complaints about discrimination. Some of them will be from crackpots, whose messages by no stretch of the imagination could be considered “in the public interest,” but many may be honest opinions that in a democracy should be heard. Supported as it is by advertising, radio is like the press in its reluctance to permit many things to be discussed which might prove detrimental to the established way of doing things. Trade papers carry frequent statements of fear lest the Commission interfere with radio’s vaunted “freedom.” But so long as the Commission acts truly as the voice of the people in the controversy, or to the extent with which it becomes that voice, the freedom which comes through should be freedom of the public to receive broadcasts “in the public interest, convenience and/or necessity.”

drama

Drama for a Stricken Generation

Fred Eastman

- Christians have a vital gospel, but it needs to be dramatized to be effective for all people.
- The world’s greatest drama was the life of Jesus—God’s message “became flesh and dwelt among us.”
- Definite steps are suggested for churches interested in making religious drama an integral part of their program.

RELIGION must be dramatized to be effective. The word “drama” means deeds or acts. To dramatize anything is to show it in action so that people may see it with their own eyes. God thus dramatized his message for man in the life of Jesus. “The word became flesh and dwelt among us.” This is still the world’s greatest drama.

Jesus dramatized religion in his teaching as well as in his life. The stories of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan are typical examples of the way he portrayed religion in action. Even the

most ignorant could understand and appreciate a religious message so graphically told. Our greatest teachers have always dealt in deeds, not in abstractions. They have made the truths of religion stand out so vividly that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not miss their force. Today we need to do this for our stricken generation. We have a vital gospel; to make that gospel effective we must dramatize it in our preaching, our educational activities, and our community work.

Such is the idea underlying the use of religious drama. Its aim is to kindle the imaginations and emotions with the Christian gospel. It is a definite form of ministry to human souls through a great art—an art that calls forth the creative talents and the cooperative efforts of a group of Christians.

For churches desiring to use this art the following steps are suggested:

1. A reading group for the purpose of reading and discussing a series of religious dramas. A religious drama is defined as one which has a religious effect upon a

congregation; that is, it sends the congregation away exalted in spirit and with a deeper sense of fellowship with God and man.

2. The production of three or four strong religious dramas in the course of the church year. Such plays to be integrated into the educational and worship programs of the church. These plays to be produced preferably by an adult group and each play sponsored by one or more of the regular church organizations.

3. Creative (informal) dramatics used by teachers in church school classes dramatizing Bible stories and missionary stories as a means of education, but not for production before an audience.

4. More of the elements of dramatic interest in the minister’s sermons and in the services of worship.

A selected list of religious dramas and of manuals of production will be sent free upon request, accompanied by three cents postage, to the Drama Office of The Chicago Theological Seminary, 5757 University Avenue, Chicago.

November, 1943

35

camera angle

- Here are specific suggestions for making personal greeting cards from snapshots you have taken—or can take now.
- Pictorial scenes of the campus—especially winter scenes—make good Christmas greetings.
- Table-top photography, using toys, tinsel, pine cones, etc., offers interesting possibilities.
- Send in your snapshots and questions on photography for publication.

Making Picture Christmas Cards

Henry Koestline

START now making your photographic Christmas cards. With the difficulty in securing film, and the little time most college students have to work on hobbies, any considerable delay will find you at the yuletide season with no personal greetings to send to your friends and relatives.

Because of the increased demand over the last few years for this type card, many photographic shops now offer excellent ones made from your own negative. However, if you enjoy doing your own creative work, the satisfaction of making the cards yourself will more than repay you for your efforts. In either case you will have to pick out a suitable picture.

Look among the snapshots you have in your files or album and see if you can find any which would serve the purpose. If you are making your own, you may wish to use a different picture with each greeting, varying the subject to match the personality of the recipient. For example, if you have a friend who loves kittens you could center your greeting around a picture you have taken of a kitten.

If you plan on taking a special picture for the occasion, you may find these suggestions helpful:

The first and most popular idea for a general card is a picture of the family group, with a Christmasy background, or one which somehow suggests Christmas. Such a picture can be taken by means of a self-timer fitted to the camera, or, if you don't have a self-timer, a friend can snap the picture for you after you have set the camera up and made the arrangements. Prints from such a picture may be mounted inexpensively on a simple greeting card which you can get at almost any camera store, and there you have a neat, complete, and attractive card.

Of course your card shouldn't just show a posed group—the people should be doing something. They may be singing Christmas carols—or hanging up stockings, but looking back toward the camera.

HERE'S another idea. Instead of showing the whole family group, show one of the younger members offering a Christmas greeting. For example, shoot a picture of Johnny at his blackboard scribbling "Merry Christmas." Or, take a picture of the baby using his ABC blocks to spell out "Merry Christmas." Of course, actually *you* build the greeting, then put the baby in place and step aside while an assistant shoots the picture before the child decides to walk, or crawl, out of the picture.

For a variation of this idea take a string of bright tinsel and outline the greeting with it on a dark carpet. That is, just simply form the letters with a long string of tinsel.

Here's another idea—a "personal portrait"—that has proved effective. Get a large sheet of paper, stretch it on some sort of frame, and letter a big greeting on it. Next, tear a hole in the center, poke your head through, and have your roommate snap the picture. Then you

will have the picture and greeting complete in one negative.

Table-top photography, too, offers interesting possibilities for Christmas cards. Toys, tinsel, Christmas tree decorations, pine cones, or bits of evergreen can be worked into a table-top set-up to add holiday flavor. A plain light or dark card can be used as the background for such setups, with the Christmas greeting lettered on in a contrasting tone.

Pictorial scenes often make good greetings, especially for a large card. For example, shoot a picture of your house at twilight with the lights on and perhaps have the front door open to carry the suggestion of "Welcome." Or, print a pleasing winter scenic shot of your campus on 5 x 7 paper, with nice wide margins. If well planned your cards may even be suitable for framing.

And now an admonition. Whatever idea you choose for your cards, do them early. Don't let Christmas find you unprepared. Start now—and good luck!

QUESTION BOX

Q. I own a box camera which I purchased several years ago. I have tried several times to take close-up head-and-shoulder pictures of my friends, but although I can see my subjects in the finder, they appear to be out of focus in the finished picture. What causes this? N. H.

A. With most box cameras you should never try to take a picture closer than about eight feet from your subject. For closeups you should use a portrait attachment. This is an inexpensive auxiliary lens that slips over the lens on your camera making it possible to take a picture within arm's length of your subject.

Q. I use a box camera but am confused when reading photographic magazines as exposures are often given in terms of "f numbers." About what f numbers would the three stops of my box camera correspond to? P. S.

A. You can use the largest stop of your box camera as though it were f/11, the middle stop as though it were f/16, and the smallest stop as though it were f/22. Each succeeding smaller stop of

your camera lets in about half as much light as the next larger stop.

Q. The negatives I developed recently show some small round raised spots with transparent centers. What is the cause and remedy for these spots? F. G.

A. The spots are probably blisters and are caused by the formation of gas bubbles within the gelatin when the film is transferred from the alkaline developer to the acid fixing bath. If films are thoroughly rinsed before being placed in the fixing bath, blisters are not likely to be encountered. Sudden changes in temperature from one solution to another solution sometimes produce blisters. There is no satisfactory remedy after blisters have once been formed. For valuable negatives, retouching by an expert will help; also careful spotting of the prints or enlargements.

Have you taken a snapshot recently which you think is especially good? Send it to "Camera Angle," in care of *motive* for publication on this page. This department will also be glad to answer any questions you have on photography.

We Are Saved by Faith

Faith A DECADE ago when Canon Streeter, Oxford New Testament scholar, was in the United States he spent all of Good Friday in his hotel room fasting and reading Thomas à Kempis' *The Imitation of Christ*. Whether we are New Testament scholars or college students we shall never be able to understand the New Testament or the person of Jesus unless we are willing to imitate Jesus. Particularly is this true as we face our present moment of world catastrophe. Jesus in his moment of most terrible calamity as he died upon a cross was able to say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Can we today imitate him in that kind of faith?

No place in the New Testament can we find portraits of Jesus in which he lacks faith. The last three sentences on his lips, as the gospel writers portray his end, sound the clarion call of faith. Luke reports Jesus saying, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." John substitutes the simple statement of faith, "It is finished." Mark records these as Jesus' last words, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" These words of apparent despair in Jewish interpretation "were not regarded as an expression of despair, but as a prayer of the righteous in the midst of adversity."

Can we today emulate Jesus in our faith? As we analyze Christian faith, it is a personal decision which each person must make for himself.

1. Christian faith means *to believe something about God and Christ*. This is the intellectual aspect of faith. It inquires: Do we believe that the heart of the universe is indifferent to men's strivings, impersonal in its quality? Or do we believe that the life of the universe is basically one of mercy, sympathy, and forgiveness, as Jesus did?

The ethics of Christianity do not vary greatly from the ethical standards of the other great world religions; ninety-five per cent of the ethical ideas in the New Testament can be duplicated in the Old Testament and the rabbinical teachings. Christianity, however, is unique among world religions in its stressing of mercy (*agape*) as one of God's prime qualities. *Agape* is a type of love which gives itself to the unattractive, the undeserving, the

unlovely. It is the kind of love which exerts itself, not to promote the congeniality of a group (*philia*) or to satisfy one's romantic or selfish nature (*eros*), but to remedy the weakness and emptiness of human beings.

Jesus makes the meaning of God's *agape* clear in the story of the father toward the prodigal son, and in the parable relative to the employee of the vineyard giving full pay to those willing to receive it. He teaches that we do not earn the kingdom of God by keeping a number of rules: God gives his kingdom to the repentant and the obedient because God has *agape*.

It is because Jesus believed God to possess this quality of mercy that many have been intrigued to imitate Jesus in this intellectual gesture. Said one interpreter of Jesus, "The consciousness of the presence of God has come to millions of men and women through Jesus . . . Jesus brought God near to men through his presence. He made the divine personal for myriads of worshipers."

Coupled with God's mercy is the quality of God's majesty and power. God is the Creative Energy, the Vibrant Life of the universe. He is out "where the morning stars sing together," but he is also as "near as breathing, nearer than hands and feet." God is a God of tremendous greatness!

In the sixteenth century when Louis XIV died, his funeral service was held in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. The day of the service found the great cathedral filled with people wondering what the bishop would say in eulogy of their elegant king. After the preliminary rites the bishop went to the pulpit where amidst hushed silence the people heard these four words come from the bishop's lips, "Only God is great!"

To have Christian faith means to believe that God is the majestic Life of the universe. It means also to believe that God possesses *agape*.

2. Christian faith means *to trust God, to surrender one's spirit to God's spirit, to be absolutely obedient to God's will. It causes the individual to let himself become an instrument through which the Spirit of God can function*. This is the psychological aspect of faith.

In our age of catastrophe it is not easy to imitate Jesus as he trusted God in his tragic moments. Instead, unless our lives are tied to a sturdy structure of values, we worry. Recently a person who found himself a victim of worry, analyzed his worries and found that ninety-two per cent of them were foolish; and that when the eight per cent of "legitimate" difficulties happened, with the help of his friends and God he was always able to face and conquer them, realizing that such experiences not only taught him something but made him something as well.

The other dramatic portrait of Christian faith comes from the words quoted by King George VI as he spoke to his people in December, 1939, when England faced her moment of high tragedy, "I said to a man who stood at the gate of the years, 'Give me a light that I may tread safely into the unknown!' And he replied, 'Go out into the dark and put your hand into the hand of God. That will be to you better than a light, and safer than a known way.'"

Christian faith means to trust God like that!

3. Christian faith means *to be something, to do something*. This is the ethical aspect of faith, and is ultimately the test of one's intellectual-psychological faith. Christianity suggests that man is ethical toward his fellowmen because he first of all is religiously related to God. Our proper adjustment toward society is the result of our proper adjustment to God. As God treats us with *agape*, we must necessarily treat our fellowmen with *agape*. As psychological and intellectual aspects of faith bring us proper adjustment to God, the ethical aspect toward our fellowmen naturally results. In carrying through this third (ethical) aspect lies the hope that faithful Christians will revolutionize the world!

In his moment of most terrible catastrophe Jesus had faith to say, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Have we as we face the most tragic moment in the history of civilization faith like his? . . . It might be interesting to see what would happen to us as individuals if we did!

Do Morals Have Authority?

Dear Soph:

Your experiment in churchgoing did you more harm than good, I judge. If you are not entertained, you missed the whole import of my last letter. Instead you came away troubled—but not troubled about the right thing. You say you want some tests of right and wrong? that with moral questions your constant uncertainty is dangerous? That may be true, but constant certainty would be far more dangerous. It is dangerous either way, but if you admit you are confused you at least have your eyes open to the complexity of moral problems, whereas, if you are confident of all the answers it means you are just blind to all the contradictions. Better to be confused than too confident. If you are tortured in conscience, that proves you have begun to understand. A tormented conscience is better than a clear conscience. You should have come away from church not asking for those people's certainty, but asking by what right they feel so certain.

Tricks for the Moral Jungle

There are some tricks, of course—some rules-of-thumb for getting along in the moral jungle. When faced with a tough moral question, I recommend you use these tests:

1. If this action doesn't hurt you, it can't hurt the other fellow. If you can drink a beer or two and remain a gentleman, and go out with the gang without giving in to their moral standards, you have nothing to fear, and can invite your best friends to go along. This is Kant's law of universality.

2. If this action is traditional and orthodox, question it; all customs change, in time, and ought to change. For instance, there are a lot of stiff-necked rules about courting, and what is decent and proper to do on a date—ideas that hang over from the Puritan days when beaus had to pass parental inspection and every date was chaperoned. Old fashions of single standard and purity are due to change, especially in wartime, just as the social customs of slavery and duelling faded out.

3. Any action is proper until it hurts someone. Obviously you must limit your freedom, but until behavior endangers

Editor's note: Skeptic writes in opposites; that is, if you agree with Skeptic, then we don't believe you will get much out of motive. As Mr. Hamill said in introducing this new approach, "If the reader can't refute, or does not, then Skeptic rules proud and unchallenged." And more's the pity, both for the reader and for the world!

life or property or reputation, it is within bounds. Being prudish and Puritan only restricts the natural enjoyment of life, and too much forethought makes a fellow abnormal. If you run into trouble that is time enough to check yourself.

4. All behavior is judged by results. "By their fruits ye shall know them," says the Bible. A man's intention may be good and his act yet be bad, depending on the actual result; for instance, if you help the Negroes too much they get lazy and impudent, and that's bad. Contrariwise, a man's intention may be bad and yet his act be good, for if he refuses to help the Negroes they sometimes get out and dig for themselves and excel at almost anything. Intention doesn't count, only the results. So, if chiselling on an exam gets a better grade and thus a better job, that will bring a better chance for you to redeem yourself: the end justifies the means. Life's complications defy you to figure out all the outcomes, so you have to go by the immediate results. After all, men justify war on this ground only: it solves a temporary problem, it "works" in the short run. This is the pragmatic test.

5. If there is no penalty, then an action must be judged to be satisfactory. This sounds a little rash perhaps, but if an action has never caused enough damage to arouse a punishment, it must be harmless and therefore permissible. This is the test of publicity. If the public shares your opinion of the Jews and the Japs, and makes no complaint, you must conclude that such opinion is socially sound.

Inside or Outside?

All these tests are just rough-and-tumble helps for daily use. Your basic problem about morals roots deeper in the problem of authority. Where does moral authority stand, inside of you or outside? in your private conscience or in public

controls? The whole history of moral strife is nothing more nor less than the conflict between these two contradictory possibilities. Your question has stumped the experts through the ages.

Some wise men, and many ambitious men, have always argued that moral authority resides in some agency external to a man: in his society, his family, his church, or his God. That is, right and wrong are determined outside the individual, and he must learn that external code and obey it. The parent teaches the child what is healthful to eat and polite to do; the school tells the pupil it is patriotic to buy war stamps: the church orders the Christian to stay away from the movies, or from certain movies—and thus the child, the pupil, and the Christians all find their moral authority outside themselves. These outside authorities therefore pronounce elaborate codes to guide their people: church creeds, political platforms, Scout laws, the pledge of allegiance, the Hippocratic oath, the laws and customs of the land. If a person wants to know what is right and wrong, he needs only to consult the ruling creed and find the answer.

This method of deciding right and wrong confronts one major trouble. Prevailing moral ideals constantly change, and therefore are relative, never stable. Today it is right to drink liquor, ten years ago it was wrong—just because the law has changed meanwhile. Grandmother called it carnal to go swimming without full bloomers; we call it prudish to wear much of anything. In 1776 it was right for rebel colonies to seize their freedom from Mother England, but today it is wrong for rebel India to do the same—just because we live in America and not in India. It is wrong for the Germans to throw Jews into ghettos and concentration camps, but it is right for Americans to keep Negroes in the slums and the Nisei in relocation centers—just

because, well, because why? You tell me. The point is this: when moral authority resides in the outside, it differs from place to place, from time to time, and is never the same, never secure, always relative. There is no final right and wrong, except as "this place" and "right now" say it is so.

Morals in War

You mentioned especially your questions about the war. If you let external authority dictate what is right and wrong in this case, you get tangled up in a hurry. About Finland, for instance. The United Nations adopted an Atlantic Charter, charitable and democratic in spirit. Yet how do we treat Finland—Finland, the faithful friendly little country of democratic faith—when her fortunes run counter to our mighty ally, but non-democratic, Russia? We drop her like poison, rage against her as a villain. Why? Because she is evil? No, no! Because she is opposed to our ally! Does right have any voice? Only expediency and power. How then is a man to know what is right if he listens only to the prevailing code of government? That code tells him that Finland is an enemy, when every living man knows her to be a friend. Authority outside of a man's own conscience makes ridiculous contradictions.

Take the whole war, rather than a single example. The prevailing creed tells us it is a just war, fought for high and human purposes, and Christian leaders bless it—at least silently they condone it. Yet if those churchmen would remember only their own best creed, they would see the stupidity of it all. For centuries their faith has held that a war is a just war only when three conditions are present, no one of which prevailed when we engaged in this war:

- 1) There must be a preponderance of guilt on the other side, and almost pure innocence on this side.
- 2) There must be a clear distinction between warriors and non-combatants, with protection secured to the latter.
- 3) There must be a high probability of success in battle. On these terms, how can the present war be defined as a just and righteous cause? Yet the priests and the prophets join the politicians and the profiteers, and with a single voice they shout for victory and for vengeance. You see, Soph, the terrible stupidity of men who let moral judgment reside outside themselves. They are slaves to expediency. Since when does power determine the right? If it does, then Nazism came within a hundred airplanes of being true. Shall airplanes write your creed upon the skies and steel tanks roar your faith across the earth? That's what happens when

you let moral authority rest outside yourself.

Be careful, now. Don't jump to the opposite conclusion that a man is secure who holds all authority within himself. He, too, stands on shaky ground.

Can You Trust Conscience?

In the first place, a man's conscience is no better than the man himself. There is nothing divine about a conscience; it is merely an aberration in a man's thought, grown stubborn. Would you trust a drunkard's conscience on the questions of drink? or the politician's conscience on graft? or Errol Flynn's on chastity? For if a man abuses whatever inborn sense of right he may once have had, and disobeys, he ruins his conscience and makes it fit comfortably like an old shoe; then it is useless. A man learns to twist his conscience to fit his likes. Why then should you trust a preacher's conscience on problems of morals? Then why trust your own conscience, unless you think you are better than the saints? Have you no twists? How did you come to be a clear-headed judge of good and evil? You cannot trust the conscience of the common man, nor your own. Every man does what is right in his own eyes.

Notice, too, what disaster this reliance upon conscience throws into society. One man's conscience approves of gambling, another of gossip, another of murder; shall then society allow every man to gamble, gossip and murder without restraint? That is anarchy, utter license uncontrolled. In the face of unrestricted conscience law is powerless. Yet, unless you let conscience go to that extreme, it means that you do not have faith in it and cannot trust it. Either the private conscience does or it does not know the final truth about right and wrong. The predicament is: either to respect each man's conscience, which leads to anarchy, or to restrict each man's liberty and resort again to external authority.

What then can be done? Neither external rules nor private conscience can give us final insight into right and wrong. At best we live in a tug-of-war, a very unstable place for moral discovery.

Some orthodox Christian will rush up to rescue you from this predicament. My good friend, the Rev. Noah Count has a neat solution: "When you take Christ as your master, you are free in the world. When you take no master, you are a slave to yourself." Sounds nice, but don't ever let the clever words conceal the dilemma: either you obey some external power, or you rule yourself; the first defies your individual rights and leads you into contradictions, the second leaves you blind and unguided. But that supposed

solution to be found in Christ is too large to dispose of in the tag end of a letter.

You say you have a right to think for yourself. I agree that no one has any right to think for you, but I wonder whether you have a right to think at all. There is no way of getting at the truth, and no way of checking on what is good. We face an impossible situation, where our public creeds conflict and our private judgments are perverted. I see nothing better than to use the rules I outlined above, and make headway as best you can. There is no moral authority. Therefore escape and punishment are the final tests. If a bit of action works and brings happiness, it must pass as good. If it brings a penalty, you know it to be bad. If you are as wise as I think you are, you will learn while you are young to trust no man's judgments of right and wrong, and of your own never to be very sure.

Most regretfully yours,

Skeptic

A World Map of Christian Colleges

The world fellowship of Christian students is graphically portrayed in a new map just published by the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church.

Called "Christian Colleges Around the World," it marks the location of every institution of higher learning supported in whole or in part by Methodists. However, the map is designed to allow other denominations to use it, too, substituting the names of their own colleges for the Methodist list. The Christian student centers are also marked on the map which was prepared under the direction of Mrs. Lenore E. Porter.

One of its unique features is the inset depicting the routes traveled by Chinese colleges in their trek westward before the Japanese invaders.

The map is 33½x48½ inches and may be ordered for fifty cents from Literature Headquarters, 150 Fifth Ave., New York, 11, N. Y., or 420 Plum St., Cincinnati, 2, Ohio.

I See by the Papers

The future looks dark!

Inevitably the people of the United States before long are going to have to make up their minds whether they want to gamble their lives and happiness on some Socialistic scheme of state capitalism, entirely theoretical, or whether as free individuals to drive ahead to achieve a still higher living standard. . . . When we reach the end of the war, this country will confront a problem almost as big as preparing for war. If there were the same desire in government as there is out of it to enable capitalism to meet this test there could be more intelligent planning for the emergency ahead in every county in the country. . . .

If we are to avoid dictatorship, jobs ought to be made for at least 55,000,000 workers. . . . The least hopeful aspect of our future is that amateurs are likely to be tinkering with our economic machinery. . . . It should be kept in mind that generous, even fabulous, rewards for those at the top are as a magnet that all along has been exerting an upward pull. . . . After all, what you find in a pay envelope is profit and most of the people I have known in my life have been constantly trying to get a fatter pay envelope.

—Tom Girdler in his autobiography, *Boot Straps*

Work for the night is coming

Want and fear are the two great dynamic driving forces, placed in the human heart by the Creator, to bring about life progress in the individual and in human society. . . . All progress in life is dependent on and the result of struggle. The divine function of want and fear is to compel men to struggle and to keep them in the struggle to the end in order that they may gain the crown of life.

—Gus W. Dyer—Economic adviser for the Southern States Industrial Council

In lieu of something else

British universities have organized a series of one week and week-end courses for American soldiers on leave as follows:

St. Andrews University: One week courses, subjects including government, politics, social science, economics, postwar reconstruction.

Birmingham University: One-week courses, subjects including municipal government and administration, housing, public health and utilities, libraries and transportation.

Bristol University: A week-end course, surveying the present development of British drama and the theater.

Cambridge University: Week-end courses, also open to Canadian soldiers;

subjects including classics, economics, law, politics, religion and science.

Glasgow University: Course completed, for British and United States troops at Glasgow; subjects including government, education, economics, postwar reconstruction.

Edinburgh University: One-week courses, also open to Canadian troops; subjects including topics related to Scottish life, culture and history, and biology.

London University: One-week courses, for Allied military personnel; subjects including current political and social thought in the United Kingdom.

Reading University: Week-end course; subject: the development of British agriculture.

Oxford University: One-week courses; subjects including government, politics, history, social science, economics, the arts, religion, etc.

There is hope!

Following is the text of a resolution recently adopted by the Northfield post of the American Legion and successfully sponsored by the Northfield post at the district convention in Faribault:

Whereas, the American Legion has as one of its basic principles tolerance of all creeds and races, and,

Whereas, at its national convention in 1942 it accepted as one of its war aims the following statement: "We condemn religious prejudices, racial or national antagonisms as weapons of our enemies," and,

Whereas, there appeared in the official publication, the American Legion Magazine, for June, 1943, an article entitled "Japs in Our Yard," by one Frederick G. Murray, M.D., which urged, among other proposals, that native-born American citizens of Japanese descent be relocated on islands in the Pacific Ocean—in direct violation of our constitutional guarantees—and further urged this not as a military measure but as a social, political, and economic policy.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we, Northfield Post No. 84, American Legion, do vigorously protest against our National magazine being used to foster race hatred in violation of our own constitution and the constitution of the United States, and do most urgently request that the national officers in charge of the publication of the American Legion Magazine be directed to print a retraction of the aforementioned article, which is in direct opposition to the adopted policy of the American Legion.

Be it further resolved, that our dele-

gates to the district and state conventions be instructed to introduce and promote passage of this resolution or one similar in import, upon afore-mentioned convention.

Be it further resolved, that all possible publicity be given this resolution in order that no unfavorable criticism be directed toward individual Legion members or local posts because of this flagrant violation of the basic principles of our organization and our country.

—The "Northfield Independent," Northfield, Minn., June 24, 1943

The English Democracy

The London Missionary Society has made history by the election of Dr. Harold Moody, a west Indian of African descent (Negro, in American!) to be chairman-elect. He is a medical man with a practice in South London. He founded the League of Colored Peoples.

Notes from Postwar World Council Bulletin

No one is urging upon Congress the end of all barriers to immigration. We are urging the end of the affront of unilateral Asiatic exclusion and the simple justice of putting Asia and its peoples on the same quota basis as Europe and Africa. Actually it has been estimated that to do this would mean the admission of only 350 Asiatics a year. The present drive is mostly in the interest of friendly relations with the Chinese. If, however, we want to deprive the Japanese of a telling point against us, and break down barriers of racial discrimination, the repeal of exclusion laws should be for the Asiatics generally, not for the sole benefit of the Chinese. (Automatically the Japanese would be excluded as long as Japan is an enemy country.)

There is also a constructive service you can render to the thousands of Japanese Americans in isolated and unhappy relocation centers by cooperating with the government's own Relocation Authority, and various volunteer committees, in helping to place Japanese Americans in jobs. The government has pretty well cleared the way for this except in the West Coast area. Here are some addresses to remember: The War Relocation Authority with a main office in Washington, D.C., and branch offices in many cities; the Committee on Japanese-American Resettlement, George Rundquist, Executive Secretary, 297 Fourth Avenue, New York City; and the National Student Relocation Council, C. B. Hibberts, Director, 1201 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. This last main body is interested not only in opening colleges for students, but in scholarships for students.

Understanding the New Testament

Editor's note: This material is a continuation of the "Story of a Revolution" which appeared in the last issue. It is part of a booklet by Dr. Paul Minear of Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, Ill.

The booklet may be affixed to the flyleaf of the New Testament. It is free and may be obtained by writing to Garrett.

AN OUTLINE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

A. Four Interpretations of Jesus

A dramatic account of his mission: *Mark*

A comprehensive collection of his teachings: *Matthew*

A beautiful account of his life: *Luke*

An interpretation of his meaning for the world: *John*

B. Letters from a great apostle, Paul, to his friends

The most complete statement of his thought: *Romans*

A vivid picture of life in an early church: *I Corinthians*

Episodes in conflict between a leader and his church: *II Corinthians*

The Gospel's declaration of independence from the law: *Galatians*

The character and charter of the Church: *Ephesians*

Gratitude to helpful comrades: *Philippians*

Advice to a church struggling with heresies: *Colossians*

Encouragement to a suffering church: *I, II Thessalonians*

A plea for an escaped slave: *Philemon*

The heritage of Pauline tradition interpreted as a standard for the ministry: *I, II Timothy, Titus*

C. Two discourses on Christian duties and privileges

The supremacy of Christ: *Hebrews*

The necessity of active goodness: *James*

D. Letters of guidance in Christian unity and discipline

Address to Christians facing martyrdom: *I Peter*

Threats against false leaders: *II Peter*

The demands of fellowship and faith: *I John*

The dangers of heresy: *II, III John*

A trenchant warning to false leaders: *Jude*

E. A vision of triumph beyond tragedy

"To him that overcometh—life": *Revelation*

TWENTY-FIVE PARABLES OF JESUS

The Lost Sheep	Lk. 15:3-7	The Rich Fool	Lk. 12:16-21
The Lost Coin	Lk. 15:8-10	The Returning Lord	Lk. 12:35-38
The Lost Son	Lk. 15:11-32	The Talents	Lk. 19:11-26
The Rich Man and the Poor Man	Lk. 16:19-31	The Ten Virgins	Mt. 25:1-13

The Servant's Duty

Lk. 17:7-10

The Pharisee and the Publican

Lk. 18:9-14

The Persistent Widow

Lk. 18:1-8

Counting the Cost

Lk. 14:28-33

Low Seats and High Seats

Lk. 14:7-11

On Inviting Guests

Lk. 14:12-14

The Great Supper

Lk. 14:15-24

The Fruitless Tree

Lk. 13:6-9

The Last Judgment

Mt. 25:31-46

The Two Sons

Mt. 21:28-32

The Laborers

Mt. 20:1-16

The Good Samaritan

Lk. 10:29-37

The Sower and the Seeds

Mk. 4:1-9

The Unmerciful Servant

Mt. 18:23-35

The Treasure

Mt. 13:44-46

The Weeds

Mt. 13:24-30

The House on the Rock

Mt. 7:24-27

MARKS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

1. Repentance and Humility

Matthew 21:28-32

Luke 15

Luke 18:1-14

Romans 12:1-8

I Corinthians 4

Philippians 2:1-18

3. Obedience and Loyalty

Mark 3:31-35

Mark 12:28-34

Luke 6:43-49

Matthew 25

Philippians 3:7-21

I Peter 2:1-3:12

5. Courage and Sacrifice

Mark 10:17-45

Matthew 10:16-39

II Corinthians 4:7-18

I Peter 3:13-4:19

Acts 3:1-4:22

Revelation 7:9-17

7. Honesty and Sincerity

Matthew 6:1-18

Matthew 5:21-37

James 3

Acts 5

John 18

Titus 1:10-2:14

9. Christian Fellowship

I Corinthians 12

John 17

Ephesians 1, 2

Acts 2:22-47

Ephesians 4

James 5:7-20

2. Faith and Confidence

Luke 17:5-18

Matthew 11:25-30

Hebrews 11:1-12:3

Galatians 3:23-4:7

John 4:5-42

Revelation 3:14-22

4. Forgiveness

Matthew 6:6-15

Matthew 18:23-35

Luke 6:27-42

John 7:53-8:10

Romans 12:9-21

Acts 10:34-48

6. Joy and Hope

Luke 1

Romans 5:1-11

John 14

Philippians 4:4-20

Hebrews 6

I Corinthians 15:50-58

8. Love and Helpfulness

I Corinthians 13

Luke 10:25-37

Luke 16

Romans 14:1-15:7

I John 3:1-4:21

Hebrews 13

10. Summaries of Christian Duties

Matthew 5-7

Romans 12-15

Galatians 5:13-6:10

Colossians 3:1-4:6

James 1-2

I Peter

(To be continued)

So You Are Going to Malaya

(Continued from page 22)

IV. When You Are Lost

There is a chance that you may be lost in Malaya. If you are lost some friendly Asiatic, who knows English, will probably help you the most. However, if you are lost and alone there are several things you can do to preserve your own well-being. Protect yourself from leeches and mosquitos. Salt, ammonia, or a match flame can handle the leech in a hurry. To protect himself from mosquitos the Malay burns coconut husks. The acrid smoke is suffocating, but it drives the mosquitos away. Second, get sufficient rest in a dry spot. This may be difficult, but there are usually abandoned houses or limestone caves in most parts of Malaya. With a little patience some of the large jungle leaves can be made into a serviceable shelter. Third, drink plenty of liquids. The green coconut is filled with cool, refreshing water, and the water inside the unopened pitcher plant flower is safe and palatable.

If you are hopelessly lost you may eat raw these things: coconuts—green or ripe, the heart of the coconut palm, and any fruits and nuts which monkeys eat. You may eat cooked: animals, including frogs, fish and shell fish. The tubers under the various kinds of elephant-ear plants may be eaten, but they must be thoroughly cooked.

If you are lost and have no cooking utensil, a section of bamboo may be cut off a plant. A serviceable one will be 6 to 10 inches in diameter and 18 to 24 inches in length. The liquid inside must be discarded, and great care must be taken for the bamboo leaf is covered with terrible thorns. The food may be placed into the bamboo section and then placed upon the fire. The bamboo will split, but the food will not be spoiled. Your meal can be fit for a king.

SO you are going to Malaya! Many Americans have been loved and respected by those people. Because you, too, are an American the Malaysians will go—not merely the second mile—the whole way with you and for you. As is true here in our own country, your attitude and your actions will be reflected in the attitudes and actions of others toward you. Accept the good will, but leave sufficient for the next American who is privileged to walk that same path it is now your duty to follow.

motive Presents . . .



Harold E. Bremer

motive takes pleasure in announcing the addition of a new member, Harold E. Bremer, to its Advisory Church Council.

He is a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute and for three years was director of the Wesley Foundation at Ohio State University. Before coming to Nashville, he was pastor at Yellow Springs, Ohio, the home of Antioch College and Community Service, Inc.

Since last May, Mr. Bremer has been Secretary of the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship and is doing a good job of directing the projects set up by the National Conference. At the

present time he is working on plans for the observance of watchnight, December 31, and a national convocation of Methodist youth for next summer.

Friendly and cooperative, Mr. Bremer is keenly interested in youth work over the nation and will be a valuable member of the advisory staff of the magazine.



Neyland
Hester

When the National Conference of Methodist Youth met in Jacksonville, Ill., two months ago it needed a new president. Neyland Hester of Texas was selected to serve for the next two years.

Tall and lanky, with a Texas drawl, Neyland has a mild manner and directs a group well. As president of the Texas state student conference, he was a member of the National Student Commission at Jacksonville and presided at some of its meetings.

He is a senior in the philosophy department of his school and is president of the Student Religious Council. He is also president of the Northwest Texas and South Central Jurisdictional Methodist Youth Fellowships. In addition to these offices, he has found time to make the Tech Varsity Fencing team and to serve on a Youth Caravan. *motive* congratulates the new president who is also a member of the student editorial board.

RETURN TO CHRISTIANITY

THE college faculty and the lay student will profit greatly by reading Dr. Nels F. S. Ferré's little book, *Return to Christianity*. In these fearful times when inquiring students and counselors cherish even a ray of hope amidst clouds of despair, we need the treatment of profound and searching themes in an intensely practical and lucid manner. Too long, the fundamentals of the Christian faith have been divorced from a workable philosophy of life. The four crucial topics discussed in this little book by Dr. Ferré, will challenge those leaders of youth who are doing clear thinking and effective speaking.

The author does not pull his punches. He writes with a conviction that now is the time when we should know what we believe and why we believe it, and what we are going to do about it. This treatment cuts through the barnacled growth that has attached itself to past and present theological discussions; the message of Christianity to education; what is involved in a Christian World Order; and reminds us again of the strategy and power of the church.

It is a stimulating book for campus leaders (Harpers, 1943. \$1.50).

—HARVEY C. BROWN

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